

SPECIAL BASEBALL ISSUE (CONT.)

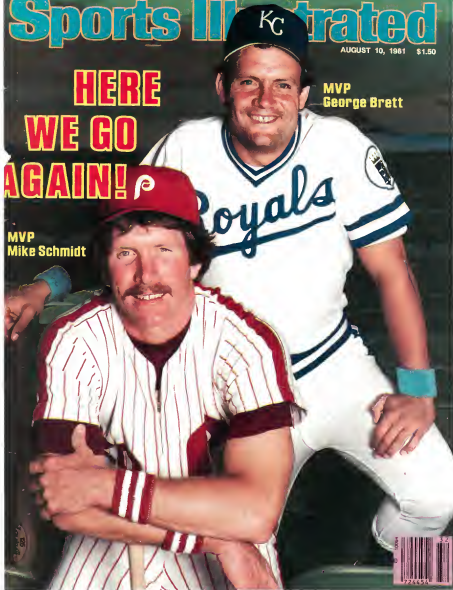
Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 10, 1981 \$1.50

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You don't have to lie to come out even. Your neighbor, like some homeowners, may be confused about what homeowners insurance actually provides for loss of contents. Some think it guarantees “replacement value.” In fact, most homeowners insurance policies provide “cash value.”

There is an important difference. “Replacement value” means the actual cost to replace — brand new — the stolen item. “Cash value” means the current *depreciated* amount the item was worth at the time of the loss.

For example, if your stereo is stolen, a standard homeowners policy would give you the “cash value.” Assume you paid \$1,000 for the stereo ten years ago; today it may be worth \$500. So you would get \$500 from your insurance company, minus the deductible you have selected.

Policies are available that offer “replacement value” or “agreed value.” But, of course, these kinds of coverage are more expensive than the conventional homeowners policy. Which kind of coverage is right for you? Most people opt for the conventional homeowners policy. In the event of a major disaster, like a fire or a windstorm, it enables you to put your home together again. And in the event of a burglary, it will give you the fair “cash value” of the item you lost.

For more information, consult your insurance agent. Review your present coverage and ask about the kind of protection you feel you need. Determine costs. Check to see if your standard homeowners policy provides limited coverage on items such as paintings, prints, cameras, jewelry, silverware, or furs. If so, you may want additional coverage, or “floaters,” for those valuables.

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Sports Illustrated WE'RE READY FOR THE SNAP!



Andy Hoyt

The snap. From the center to the quarterback to SI's photographers... to you. They're there along the line of scrimmage. In the backfield, in the secondary, and in the huddle. Around the bench and all around the league. Wherever there's a football being kicked or carried, a quarterback getting crunched, a slant pattern, a safety blitz, or a neck-wrenching clothesline Sports Illustrated photographers will be there. To put you there.

So this football season, you'll see more Plunkett passes, more Swann leaps, more Oklahoma options, more Herschel hurdles, more of



Richard Mackson

the rough and tumble, style and grace, speed and quickness that makes the weekend come alive in SI's pages. And remember, SI's writers have that same kind of snap!



John Iacono

Don't miss any of the '81 season. The Bear becoming college's winningest coach. The Payton/Campbell scramble for league rushing honors. Art Schlichter gunning for the Heisman. The Cowboys gunning for the Eagles. The Oilers for the Browns. Miami for Buffalo. LA for Atlanta. Catch Sims and Stallworth.



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Walter Iossa Jr.

Sports Illustrated

Footloose

by JOE WING

BELIEVE IT: A BIRD IN HANDICAP CAN BE WORTH TWO POINTS IN THE BUSHES

There's no racetrack near my home on the North Shore of Long Island, but I've found endless possibilities for doing some handicapping—while watching birds. The Wing system of handicapping is a souped-up version of bird watching. Making lists of birds seen in a day, a season or a year is a hard-to-break habit,

once established. But even the most deeply ingrained habit can get boring. Seeing or hearing 23 species one day, say, versus 20 on another might have palled if I hadn't gone in for handicapping. By arbitrarily ascribing a score to each species I'm likely to observe on a particular day, I can come up with a number more meaningful as well as more interesting than an unweighted total.

I rate the birds on a one-to-five scale according to apparent abundance. This can differ from actual abundance. One might spot five big, noisy crows and call them common while overlooking a dozen tiny warblers flitting through leafy trees.

And the person with good eyesight and poor hearing will come up with different handicapping ideas from one with sharp ears and dim vision.

In my area robins, blue jays and grackles rate only one point each in early spring. A great crested flycatcher or rose-breasted grosbeak is good for a three. A bluebird or phoebe may get a five. As seasons change, so do the values. The robin⁷ worth just one in spring deserves a five in winter.

With such a system, the morning tally can rise to a robust 40 instead of, say, an anemic, literal 23. I've found it best to keep the form sheet unchanged for at



At a time like thi



least a week, although there is a temptation to doctor it almost daily in accordance with experience during spring and fall migration. That temptation doesn't exist during the long stretches of summer and winter.

Unlike baseball writers and enthusiastic fans, I have kept no statistics on past feats and averages, nor even any old form sheets. I do, however, recall my highest score ever—a 53—achieved by sighting 27 species.

With my system, you can count a bird on recognition of its song as well as on seeing it. I've never seen a ring-necked pheasant on the golf course near my

house where I do most of my bird watching, nor a bobwhite, nor a black-crowned night heron, but I've heard them.

As with any solitary pastime, cheating must be guarded against, not to mention error in aural identification. It's hard for me to tell the songs of robins, scarlet tanagers and rose-breasted grosbeaks apart. Starlings may make like wood pewees, and mockingbirds like almost anything, although they give themselves away by shifting from one set of phrases to another in their non-stop performances. But, let's face it, it's no more satisfactory to cheat on bird lists than while playing solitaire

Of course, the game doesn't have to be solitary. Any number can play, and compare scores and lists later in the day and week. For that, however, you must find like-minded bird watchers who walk the same route you do.

And indeed the playing field for this game need not be restricted to locales with golf courses or wooded dells. Suburban streets and city parks can yield points to the observant.

All you need for this pursuit are a good bird-identification book, a pair of binoculars and acute ears. And you'll never have to cough up a dime at the mutual windows.

END



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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

JAMES WATT AND OTHER ENVIRONMENTAL HAZARDS

The abrasive style and controversial decisions of Interior Secretary James Watt are making him the biggest liability of the Reagan Administration. Perhaps predictably, any number of environmental groups have called for his dismissal, but now the demand for his ouster is popping up in the most unlikely places. Two newspapers in Utah, so-called "Sagebrush Rebellion" country—the Salt Lake City *Tribune*, an independently owned Republican daily with a conservative tilt, and the Ogden *Standard-Examiner*, a fiercely independent paper—have taken swats at Watt. The *Tribune*, which originally found Watt's appointment "laudable," now says, "We apparently were mistaken," while the *Standard-Examiner* has warned editorially that Watt is "disluting Western support of Reagan." The paper noted, "Westerners are interested in the budget and taxes and the turbulent world around us. However, millions of residents of Utah and nearby states are even more concerned about what might happen to the forests and recreation lands they love so much."

For all this, Watt's critics miss one big point. The Secretary's policies reflect the Administration's attitude toward the environment. "[Watt's] actions represent the President's views," says White House Chief of Staff James A. Baker III. The only thing the White House doesn't like is Watt's confrontational stance, and in an effort to reduce the public outcry it has told the Secretary to clear all new policy announcements with the White House before going public. If Watt does become too much of a liability—the Republican state chairman in California has already expressed concern that Watt may hurt G.O.P. chances in 1982—he'll go, but the odds are that he would be replaced by someone with a smoother manner but the same ideological bent.

The Reagan Administration is filled with appointees who think very much like Watt. There is Anne Gorsuch, Administrator of the Environmental Protection Agency, who suggested in a memo to the White House that there was no

need to advocate amendment of the Clean Air Act's health standards, which industry claims are restrictive. She said "more reasonable standards could be developed within the present language" that would fulfill the Administration's economic goals while avoiding the negative publicity on this "highly charged" issue. There is James McAvoy, awaiting confirmation to the three-member Council on Environmental Quality, who refuses to admit that acid rain is a very serious problem. And there is John Crowell, a former timber-company lawyer now in charge of the U.S. Forest Service, who says, "Most of the overstated concern by environmental organizations is for the purpose of raising money from a loyal and largely unquestioning membership." Below them is a host of appointees in environmentally sensitive posts. According to one high official who has decided to leave the EPA, "If I had to rate the quality of the people coming into EPA on a scale of one to 10, I'd rate them two."

Some might even rate a minus two. Take Dr. Norman C. Roberts of San Diego, the President's choice to become director of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. At a get-acquainted meeting set up by the White House with representatives of the American Fisheries Society, the American Forestry Association and other professional organizations, Roberts discussed his qualifications. He had furnished the garden in which Reagan announced his candidacy for the governorship of California in 1965. He had finished in the top four-fifths of his high school class. Until 1958, when he became a financial analyst, he practiced as a veterinarian, specializing in vaccinating and castrating hogs because more complicated tasks led, he said, to "utter confusion." Dr. Roberts allowed that he once mistook a male cat for a female cat and performed an operation to remove the cat's nonexistent ovaries. (Roberts later said his remarks were intended to be tongue in cheek.) The professionals were appalled, and 10 organizations represented at the meeting have called on the President not

to nominate Roberts. In a letter to Reagan, they pointed out that the law requires the director to have educational and managerial experience in the field, but a check of Roberts' transcripts at San Diego State, where he claimed he majored in zoology in 1939-40, showed he took only a botany course.

Ronald Reagan is riding a political high right now after his tax-cut victory in Congress, but the President had better take another look at his environmental policies because they could cost him and his party—and the U.S.—dearly down the line. Russell Peterson, a former Republican governor of Delaware who now heads the National Audubon Society, says the President is surrounded by "ecological illiterates" who haven't the slightest glimmer of what clean air and clean water really mean to either the environment or the economy. Wall Street broker Dan Lufkin, a big Reagan backer, is simply baffled by the Administration's stance. Lufkin headed a Reagan task force that drew up a report on the environment for the President just after his election. Lufkin says the President was pleased with the report, which was very sensitive to environmental needs, but now Lufkin says, "I don't know what happened. . . I don't understand except that the President has a cadre of advisers about appointments, whether it's [Paul] Laxalt, Adolph Coors or whether it's Jesse Helms. But in goes Watt and in goes Gorsuch . . . who are just off the page. Those people are unbelievable!"

Obviously, Reagan should look elsewhere. There are credible people knowledgeable in both environmental matters and sound business practices, who insist that cost-effectiveness can be intelligently applied to our natural resources. They seem to be in tune with the country in rejecting extremism from either side. Reagan's people aren't listening to the public—which has shown it is intensely environment-conscious in recent polls—when they draw the line between what is reasonable and what is too much.

—ROBERT H. BOYLE

CONTINUED



Let's have disposable retirement income, not disposable retirees.

Despite \$700 billion in pension funds today, tomorrow could be less than golden.

More men and women are retiring, often years earlier, and

living to collect checks longer.¹ While inflation's share of those checks keeps increasing.

Can Social Security prevent disaster? At best, it's a partial answer. At worst, it may go broke unless its bite on salaries goes *much* deeper or its provisions change drastically.²

The burden is on private pensions. And we at Aetna Life & Casualty are convinced private pensions can help shoulder it.

Employers can't pull dollars out of thin air. So let's change tax laws that discourage small businesses from setting up pensions in the first place.³

Let's also give employees incentives to put a little extra into their company pension or savings plan. And—especially important for today's mobile work force—improve their pension vesting.

Neither last nor least, pensions should be better designed to stave off the munching of inflation. Aetna's acutely aware of this problem, and we're working on it.⁴

If you don't want the American dream of retirement to be permanently retired, use *your* influence with the powers that be — as we are trying to use ours.

Aetna wants retirement to be affordable.

¹America is crossing over to what's been called "the other side of the baby boom." The median age is shifting upwards, and with it the proportion of over-65's to the general population. In 1979 there were 5.4 workers to every retiree, as opposed to 7.5 to 1 in 1950, and by 2030 the ratio will be about 3 to 1.

²Social Security was never

intended to be more than a basic system supplemented by private pensions and individual savings. The price for forgetting this has been high and promises to get higher: combined employer/employee FICA taxes on our grandchildren's salaries could reach 25%. Of course, there are alternatives. Social Security could increase the official retirement age,

pay benefits based on government-determined need, or simply ... reduce benefits on general.

³Two-thirds of small businesses surveyed in 1978 offered no pension plans at all. One reason: typically, big employers can write off 46¢ in taxes for every pension dollar they contribute, while most small ones can only write off about 20¢. In some cases,

they can't write off anything.

⁴Our real estate and participating mortgage separate accounts, for example, are designed to offer larger returns in the face of double-digit inflation. We've also helped fund the Pension Research Council's study of pensions and inflation.



THE SOURCE

A subscriber, Fred Brooks of New York, writes, "I keep reading and hearing about the millions of dollars the baseball strike cost, and how everybody—players, owners, fans, everybody—was the loser. Players lost salary. Owners lost income. Cities lost tourist dollars. Networks lost ad revenue. Fans lost—wait a minute. What did the fans lose? The millions of dollars in losses during the strike was simply money we didn't spend. We didn't buy tickets to ball parks, didn't pay for parking there, didn't buy hot dogs and beer. We didn't drive into the cities to go to games, didn't stay at hotels and motels, didn't eat in restaurants. We didn't watch or listen to radio/TV advertising games and run out and buy what was advertised. So what did we lose? We lost a few hours of entertainment. Otherwise, we saved a hell of a lot of money. Stop calling us losers."

MORE NEWS FROM THE FRONT

In the South, Fort Lauderdale, Fla. remained a hotbed of strife. Late in July, Defender Elias Figueroa of the Strikers (an apt name for a professional team these days) said he would file a \$2 million suit against Forward Bob Newton and the Jacksonville Tea Men because of injuries he had received in a North American Soccer League game. Figueroa, who suffered massive facial damages, was angry, too, because he felt the NASL's punishment of Newton—a \$250 fine and a two-game suspension—was much too mild. (Newton's personal troubles were compounded when he was arrested by Florida police last week and charged in a hit-and-run accident.)

The belligerent mood in Lauderdale persisted. At halftime in the Strikers' 4-1 loss to the Minnesota Kicks, a fan, presumably upset with the Strikers' play, confronted Mike Robbie, son of club owner Elizabeth Robbie, and the two threw punches at one another. A little later, when a tour group leader wanted his group paged on the PA system, General Manager Tim Robbie, Mike's brother, at first refused, and the man cursed and threatened to punch him.

Later, when Reporter Tim Rosaforte of the local *Sun-Sentinel* entered the Strikers' locker room, he was ordered to leave by Coach Eckhard Krautzun, who said he had written a "disruptive" story. Rosaforte refused. Possibly because Rosaforte, an ex-football player, is 6' 1", 210

pounds, Krautzun did not press his demand, and pence, that elusive specie, at last prevailed. If uneasily.

DEEP SIX

There were malcontents everywhere. In Maryland a new twist was added to the old custom of swimmers joyfully throwing their coach into the pool to celebrate a team victory. After Hammond Park lost an age-group meet 257-230 to Anthon, an angry, frustrated Hammond Park swimmer pushed the meet official into the pool, white uniform, whistle and all.

NOBLE EXPERIMENT

During the baseball strike a new league was born, began its playing schedule and finished its season, all in three weeks' time. The league is Team Tennis—no more World Team Tennis (1974-78, R.I.P.)—and it operates in a revolutionary manner. Players are paid by the league as a whole, not by the teams, and they're paid according to individual and team accomplishments on court. There are no guaranteed salaries.

Evidence from this first, somewhat experimental, season is that maybe the new league is going to work. It's the brainchild of Larry King, Billie Jean's husband, who had been involved in World Team Tennis. Realizing that even with all its problems WTT had reduced losses from \$10 million (1974) to \$1 million (1978), King figured the league idea had a future if it were run in a businesslike way. He began modestly: only four teams, all in California (Los Angeles, San Diego, Anaheim and Oakland), four players (two men and two women) on each team and a three-week season. Each club put up \$75,000, creating a \$300,000 prize-money pot for the players. The teams didn't sign players on their own. Instead they drafted from a pool of players who signed up to "enter" the league.

Even though King estimates that Team Tennis lost perhaps \$200,000 in sponsor support after his wife's lesbian affair was revealed, the league did reasonably well, with one team, Los Angeles, breaking even. Next year the prize pot will be increased to \$700,000, and there will be expansion—a four-week season involving eight teams, with one as far east as Chicago.

TT's main difficulty this season was attracting big names. Only two so-called superstars appeared, both women: Billie Jean and Martina Navratilova. And TT

offered just prize money, whereas top players at regular tournaments can clean up on guarantees. Open tennis was supposed to eliminate such "under the table" payments, but that disastrous aspect of the sport remains. It's something tennis ought to do away with.

FALLEN STAR

Chris Landry, the best U.S. practitioner of the hair-raising posture of extreme skiing (SA, March 30), in which one swoops down precipitous 60-degree slopes, has said of his sport, "If you fall, you die." As if to test that maxim, Landry went to Alaska this spring to ski down Mount McKinley's West Rib, starting from the 20,320-foot summit of South Peak.

At first, says Landry, the run was "simply enjoyable," but at 19,000 feet he reached a particularly steep pitch, where, after a series of long, cautious traverses, the unthinkable happened. He fell.

"I went down hard on my right hip," he says, "and I began sliding. I tried to push up onto my feet, but I couldn't. I was tumbling over backward."

Landry's skis came off, although the safety straps kept them attached to his boots, and he clawed at the snow with hands and feet. "I came to a stop at the last possible place I could have," he says. "I had slid about 1,000 feet down the mountain. A little farther and I'd have gone straight down 7,000 feet."

Unhurt, Landry lay still for several minutes, then put his skis back on and very slowly made his way over to a climbing route and safe ground, thus ending his attempt to ski the West Rib. "It was difficult to accept the idea of defeat," he admits, "but on the other hand it seems spectacularly wonderful to be alive."

Now, Landry says, there'll be no more "big trips," no more death-defying descents. He has retired.

"I have no regrets," he says. "I had always assumed that extreme skiing wouldn't allow for even one mistake. I was pleased to be wrong."

THEY SAID IT

• Dan Quisenberry, Kansas City pitcher, on the speaking style of Milwaukee's Ted Simmons: "He didn't sound like a baseball player. He said things like 'Nevertheless' and 'In fact'."

• Dick Vermeil, Philadelphia Eagles coach, asked at training camp if he was going to watch the royal wedding the next day on television: "The what?" **END**

*"Michelob after work
makes you glad there's a rush hour."*

MICHELOR

BEER

*Put a little
weekend
in your week.*

LET THE GAMES BEGIN

And so the rancorous big league baseball strike came to an end, and players began preparing for the "second" season **by JIM KAPLAN**

Pace at last. Across the land baseball players came charging—in some cases huffing and puffing—onto sunlit fields to ready body and mind for something they hadn't done in 50 days—play ball. Yes, Virginia, there is an All-Star Game, and it will be played on Sunday in Cleveland. And there will be more games, and a World Series. The specter of a nation without a pastime had been exorcised just in time.

It came down to a 2 p.m. meeting last Thursday at New York's Doral Inn. Or so it seemed. The baseball stoppage had been the longest in the game's history, and mayors, businessmen, a federal mediator, the National Labor Relations Board, the Secretary of Labor and public opinion had failed to halt it. THIS IS IT screamed the headlines; settle the strike or forfeit the season. No one held out very much hope. Indeed, only mediator Ken Moffett, an unflappable, good-humored *continued*

Mike Scioscia and Fernando Valenzuela led the way in "summer training" at Dodger Stadium.





and, above all, enduring marathon runner, thought the meeting in Room 1706 was even worth scheduling.

Well, 2 p.m. passed, and no negotiators for the players or owners arrived. Had everyone finally picked up his ball and bat and gone home? Not at all. The key negotiators had been huddling for an hour at the offices of National League president Club Feeney. The negotiating teams had been pared to the bare minimums, which, itself, is often a sign of serious bargaining. Representing the owners were chief negotiator Ray Grebey and American League President Lee MacPhail; on hand for the athletes were Marvin Miller, executive director of the players' association, and his counsel, Don Fehr. They had elected, at Grebey's suggestion, to meet in secret away from the Doral. "When 2:15 came and nobody showed up at the Doral," said mediation service lawyer Nancy Broff, "we knew it was 'Let's Make a Deal' time."

None of the principals remembers a single dramatic moment in which it became apparent that the strike was ending. Instead, they recall an atmosphere conducive to a settlement. Unlike the sterile meeting room in the Doral, Feeney's office is a harmonious place in which to conduct business. It has wood paneling, a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink and a nostalgic photograph of a packed house at a Polo Grounds night game. With no table to separate them, the negotiators sat together, Miller on a couch, the others in chairs. The prospects of a settlement were further enhanced by the nature of the con-



In Philadelphia, the home of the defending world champions returned to life as Reliever Tug McGraw

versation. The player representatives, said MacPhail, were "businesslike." The owners' people, said Miller, "weren't playing word games."

These were 1981 baseball talks? Talks in which each side had accused the other of negotiating in bad faith, of lying or distorting the facts, and other high crimes and misdemeanors? Students of ancient history will recall that the discussions—rancorous and futile up to now—had started 20 months ago, when the owners proposed a controversial plan that would require a team signing a free

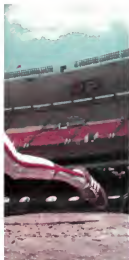
agent to surrender a quality player from its own roster. Attachment Nine, it came to be called. A strike was averted in May of 1980 when the compensation issue was tabled. But on Feb. 19, 1981 the owners implemented their proposal, as was provided for in the 1980 agreement, and on Feb. 25 the players exercised their contractual right to set a strike date. After an initial postponement, they finally went out on June 12, and by last Thursday the two sides had never seemed more bitterly antagonistic.

After some 2½ hours of highly promising conversation, the negotiators adjourned to caucus. Miller and Fehr headed for the players' association offices on Sixth Avenue, where they huddled with associate counsel Peter Rose and player representatives Mark Belanger of Baltimore, Phil Garner of Pittsburgh and Steve Rogers of Montreal. The owners went to the National League's legal offices at the Citicorp Center to confer with Feeney, lawyers Barry Rona, Louis Hoynes and James Garner and the six front-office members of the Player Relations Committee's executive board.

The four principals met again in Feeney's office at around 6 p.m. They adjourned at 9 p.m.—MacPhail and Grebey



In Kansas City, First Baseman Willie Ashby was getting his legs ready for a possible stretch run



took his accustomed position on the mound

to eat dinner with their attorneys and Miller and Fehr to return to the association office, where Bob Boone of Philadelphia and Doug DeCinces of Baltimore had joined the others. Around midnight everyone reconvened in the National League attorneys' offices. Shortly thereafter they reached an agreement in principle and at 5:30 a.m. a tentative agreement was signed. (Formal ratification by the players and owners was considered certain.) In a concession to the players, the owners accepted a compensation proposal that wouldn't unduly punish teams signing free agents and appeared to allow players to bargain freely. In deference to the owners, the players guaranteed three more years of peace by extending the Basic Agreement a year, until Dec. 31, 1984. They also agreed to file for a dismissal of their NLRB suit which seeks to open the owners' books.

While contract language and other details were being worked out in the hours before the 5:30 signing, players and owners began to spread news of the settlement. Oakland President Roy Eisenhardt got a call from Minnesota Vice-President Clark Griffith at 11:28 p.m. Pacific Coast time. "I didn't even ask about compensation," Eisenhardt said afterward. "When you have a baby, you don't ask if it's a boy or girl, you're so happy." A few minutes later San Diego

Shortstop Ozzie Smith heard from the players' side. "They told me, 'Everything is squared away,'" said Smith. "I was relieved and excited. This thing really got boring." By the time Miller and Grebey reported to the Doral's Crystal Ballroom at approximately 6 a.m. to announce the settlement, it was old news. So old that Grebey could be photographed holding aloft a late edition of the *New York Daily News*. The front-page headline read **PLAY BALL!**

Why did the players and owners settle? Because they had to. Even after collecting a reported \$44 million worth of strike insurance, the owners have lost an estimated \$72 million in tickets, concessions and broadcast revenues forfeited for 713 canceled games. For their part, the players dropped \$28 million in salaries during the seven-week strike. "There was great worry that we might not only lose the 1981 season but jeopardize 1982 as well," said Belanger, the American League pension rep.

Only by settling immediately could baseball salvage a respectable season of as many as 111 games. There were other pressures as well. The 22 U.S. cities with major league teams had lost about \$10 million in tax income and hundreds of millions more indirectly. And—Lord have mercy—the professional football exhibition season was starting with Saturday's Hall of Fame game. It's one thing to have hostile fans who follow baseball, another to have apathetic fans who don't give a damn. "No one seems to care about baseball," said a patron at a bar near Minnesota's Metropolitan Stadium. "The football pools are in, and that's what everyone's talking about."

Actually, the players and owners had nearly come to terms the week before. At Moffett's urging, Secretary of Labor Ray Donovan asked the parties to move the talks to Washington. With Donovan attending the four days of discussion at the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service offices, the antagonists were under the gun. "Donovan brought out our bottom line," said DeCinces. The

players yielded to two owner demands: that 20% of all major-leaguers could qualify as "premium" free agents requiring professional compensation from the player-proposed pool, and that a team signing a free agent would provide at least one man from its 25-man roster to that pool. The owners had thus junked their long-standing demand for direct compensation, and had adopted a pool concept espoused by the players. The players and owners had never seemed closer together.

But the baseball strike, contrary to some reports, was never an easily negotiable matter of "how much?" It also involved principle. The players were dead set against compromising a free agent's bargaining power, mobility and salary potential. They felt the owners' latest proposal—that teams signing free agents could protect 24 men and non-signing teams 28—would punish teams signing free agents and consequently restrict player mobility.

In part because the owners refused to change the numbers, the Washington talks broke up in a familiar atmosphere of hostility and discord. According to one close observer, the owners stiffened after hearing reports that several players, notably L.A.'s Davey Lopes and Detroit's Dan Schatzeder, were

continued

In L.A., Steve Garvey bent over backward to get into shape





Oakland Second Baseman Shoety Gabbitt got some pointers on infield play from Manager Billy Martin

BASEBALL continued

critical of their bargainers. "The owners apparently thought it was their last chance to break the union," said DeCinces. "We were ready to settle when Miller walked out," retorted Grebey. Not so, said Moffett. "Grebey told me and Donovan that they were so far apart—'light-years,' he said—that there was no reason to settle."

As it happened, the players' fervor was revitalized by an act of management. Because the Washington talks had been conducted under a news blackout, many players had been getting their information from reports sent to them by the owners. Urged by DeCinces and Boone, the league player reps, Miller flew to Chicago on Monday and Los Angeles on Wednesday to brief players. The players emerged from their meetings united. "What I said was taken out of context," said Schatzeder. "I made a mistake," said Lopes.

While the players met in Los Angeles Wednesday, the owners held three meetings in New York—one for American League owners, one for National League and one for both. The hard-line approach that had characterized previous owners' meetings had plainly softened. According to one published report, Philadelphia's Ruly Carpenter rose at the joint meeting to advocate a tough stance and was shouted down. Other owners accused Carpenter, who has put the Phillies up for sale, of being a "lame duck." In the American League meeting eight clubs—New York, Baltimore, Cleveland, Texas, Chicago, Oakland, California and Seattle—

are believed to have pushed for mandatory arbitration, an option previously offered by the players but rejected by the PRC. MacPhail, who had emerged as a key figure in the negotiations, talked them out of the arbitration idea by asserting that settlement was near. He had been holding private conversations with Miller. "I was a kind of messenger boy," says MacPhail. "Anything I did, I did with the knowledge and under the direction of Ray Grebey, and I turned over the information to him immediately afterward." But there would have been no meetings and no messages if Miller had been forced to deal exclusively with Grebey, a man whose word he distrusts.

By Thursday the owners were ready to bargain. Even hard-liner Ed Fitzgerald, chairman of the Brewers' board and the PRC, seemed to be softening his position. Says Milwaukee player rep Ted Simmons, "I felt there was hope when I heard Ed Fitzgerald say something like, 'It's time to get back to baseball.'" Feeling the time was right, Moffett called the parties together. Why? "The owners met, didn't they?" he said. "Check how much blood is on the rug."

The baseball agreement is loaded with trade-offs. The players lost no service time during the strike; without it such players as Ron Guidry, Jerry Mumphrey, Phil Garner, Mike Flanagan, Ken Griffey, Dave Collins and Bobby Grich would have had to wait until the fall of 1982 to become free agents. The owners substantially preserved their definition of premium free agents.

The settlement was also loaded with irony. Under its terms, a team that

doesn't sign free agents can protect 26 players from compensation, not the 28 discussed in Washington, an apparent gain for the owners. But the players had actually sought it, because signing teams will protect 24. By leaving only two fewer players unprotected, the players felt the signing team wouldn't be unduly punished. And by acceding to the players' demand for pool compensation, the owners may have won greater competitive balance—a long-standing concern of theirs. Because teams are likely to protect minor-leaguers as well as major-leaguers, five or six players from a 25-man roster could be made available for compensation. Presumably, the better teams will lose them even if they aren't signing any new players—unless they are one of the five possible "conscientious objectors" who choose not to participate in a particular year.

Who "won" the settlement? The owners will get significant compensation for seven, eight or nine free agents a year, a take-away the players had fought. Even DeCinces admitted, "Anytime there's a give-back, you don't win."

But the players achieved a victory of another sort by holding firm in the face of a blatant attempt to vitiate their union. "They were more united at the end of the strike than the beginning," said Steve Greenberg, the son of Hall of Famer Hank Greenberg and an agent and lawyer who acted as occasional go-between

Bobby Henderson greets boss Roy Escobaroff



during negotiations. "The owners felt the players wouldn't strike, and if they did, they would buckle under after missing their first paycheck. Even as recently as a couple of weeks ago Grebey confided in me, 'Marvin should never have agreed to Attachment Nine. The players won't stay out over it.' Grebey was wrong."

"The owners won't underestimate the players anymore," said Miller. "That's probably the most important thing to come out of the strike. If there was any victory, it was a victory for the spirit of the players."

A more prevalent feeling was that there were no victors at all. "We gained little other than solidarity," said Steve Rogers, the National League's pension rep. "We accepted to avert irreparable damage to the game." If that sounds surprising, listen to White Sox Chairman Jerry Reinsdorf: "I was all for giving up in the first place." His partner, club President Eddie Einhorn, feels for the fans. "Not only did we see anger," he said, "but more dangerously, we saw apathy. I was in Mexico during their strike last year, and attendance is now off 30%."

"I think the fans will stay away," said Kansas City's George Brett. "I would."

Some will. Last week one anonymous ticket holder went to the stadium of the world champion Phillies and said, "I'm trading all these things in, the games that weren't played because of the strike, the games that are going to be played but I'm not going to see because I'm sick of them. Call it my little blow for the fans. Goodbye, season tickets."

But this may be the minority view. At the onset of the strike, fans were pouring into stadiums at a rate one million ahead of last year's pace; in the early aftermath of the settlement, they were stampeding ticket windows.

So on to the season—or what's left of it. Like the 1918 season, which was abridged nearly 10% because of World War I, and the 1972 campaign, which lost 13 days to a season-opening strike, 1981 may be known for its asterisks. Qualifications for league leadership will almost certainly be reduced, so stats will be kept in earnest. But what happens if someone hits .430 with 350 at bats or has an 0.99 earned run average with 110 innings pitched? Asterisk city, probably. Records for minimum performance (e.g., fewest bases on balls) won't be kept this year.

After an eight-day break for summer training, the All-Star Game will display the sport's best players in its largest stadium—"showing our best side," said Philadelphia's Carpenter—but the move hasn't met with universal approval. Not even in Cleveland. "What an utter farce," Hal Lebovitz wrote in *The Plain Dealer*. "To charge top prices for what has to be a charade, a workout, a non-contest is sinful. Talk about greed..."

When regular play resumes Monday Pete Rose will be seeking the one hit he needs to break Stan Musial's National League record. In St. Louis. And on national television. And wonder of wonders, San Diego owner Ray Kroc will let everyone in free on Reopening Day when

the Padres host Atlanta. To hype fan interest, the owners were leaning last week toward a split-season format in which teams leading their divisions on June 12 would meet second-half winners in a best-of-five pre-playoff that could extend the season until Oct. 28, when even Commissioner Bowie Kuhn may wear an overcoat. If a division leader wins both halves, it would meet the second-best team in the mini-playoff.

Such a series might well portend a permanent wild-card playoff system, à la football. Baseball's contracts with ABC and NBC already give the owners the right to establish a third tier of postseason play. In the brave new world of baseball, the networks and clubs will grow richer, the season will last almost until November, mediocrity will be rewarded and the 162-game season will become twice as meaningless as basketball's 82-game and hockey's 80-game schedules.

San Francisco owner Bob Lurie was criticized when he defended the split-season concept on a call-in radio show last Friday night. Unfair, cried three listeners. The Dodgers could be cheated out of their rights, said one. A second-place team could win the World Series, said another. The season should continue uninterrupted, said the third, because remaining schedules favor some teams and penalize others.

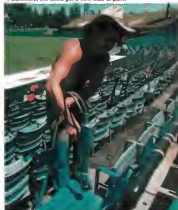
But fewer than 24 hours after the settlement, most people were talking balls and strikes, not the strike. The real lesson of the walkout? You can shut baseball down, but you can't shut it out.

CONTINUED

In New York, happy Yankee fans weren't about to give returning hero Dave Winfield the cold shoulder



In Baltimore, the saints got a new coat of paint



NOW THE SECOND SEASON

by STEVE WOLF

Now that the strike is over, it's time to look back at the season past and ahead to the season to come. Weren't those divisional races exciting? Remember how the New York Yankees overtook the Baltimore Orioles in the last week to win the American League East by two games, how the Oakland A's survived by a game and a half in the AL West, how the Philadelphia Phillies caught and passed the St. Louis Cardinals in the NL East by 1½ games and, in one of the most thrilling finishes in memory, how the Los Angeles Dodgers nipped the Cincinnati Reds by a mere half game in the NL West?

Say what? You weren't aware of any pennant electricity last June? Tough. As the game's owners pondered whether to turn Baseball 1981 into something like the Hambletonian, with heats and everything, a "second season" to start next week was a real possibility. The Chicago Tribs would have just as much of a chance to get into the October Classic as the Orioles. Last year, had a second season started on Aug. 10, the Minnesota Twins, Atlanta Braves, Orioles and Phillies would have been divisional winners. Of course, the owners were also considering an unsplit season, but that would make sense. Either way, herewith our 1981 scouting reports. Part II.

AL EAST The strike hit the fan at a most opportune time for the Yankees, who weren't getting optimum performances from pitchers Ron Gaudry (foot injury) and Tommy John (back) and Outfielder Reggie Jackson (psyché). Gaudry and John are sound again, but Jackson still has to free himself from the torment of a slump in which he was batting .199 with only six home runs. Those are hardly All-Star credentials, but Jackson will still be coming on after Roberto Duran in Cleveland this weekend, thanks to the fans' balloting. The two defrocked Padres next to Jackson in the outfield, All-Star Dave Winfield and Jerry Mumphrey, were more than pulling their weight. Speaking of weight, New York stole Rick Reuschel from the Cubs for Doug (The Fidyich) Bird just before strike time, and he of immense girth should be of immense help.

The Yanks, in fact, seem to have everything going for them except incentive. Even if they should win both halves of a split season, there was a ridiculous, but real, possibility that they might still have to play a wild-card team in the quarterfinals.

A split season would take away one of Baltimore's great strengths, which is long-haul pitching. Still, the Orioles may best be able to handle the task of assembling a pitching staff on such short notice. Dennis Martinez could turn out to be the club's strongest start-

ed last week, in fact, he jokingly asked for Frank Howard's old uniform. At least Milwaukee should have a healthy Paul Molitor back in centerfield. Boston players should be happy to have a second season, partly because the strike wiped out nine games against the Orioles and seven against the Yankees and partly because their relief pitching will serve them well in the short run. Dwight Evans, with a .341 average, 13 homers and 39 RBIs, would have been the league's MVP if the season had ended June 12. Now he has to prove those figures weren't a fluke.

Is Bo Diaz a perfect 10? This burning question will be answered in the next few weeks as the Cleveland catcher tries to maintain his .356 average. The Indians also have perfectionist Pitcher Len Barker and are quite sound

fundamentally, but they do lack power—their 22 homers are a league low. The Tigers, too, are solid, but they will need more pitching to go with Jack Morris (9-3, 2.56 ERA). Oh, if only Mark (The Bird) Fidrych could come back a fourth time. The Blue Jays were embarked on a club-record 11-game losing streak at the recess, so they more than welcome a fresh start.

AL WEST Texas and Chicago would have every right to scream over a split season. Oakland may have won the first half, but the A's played five more games than the second-place Rangers and seven more than the White Sox, who were 2½ games back in third. Had

Texas and Chicago been able to make up those missing games, Oakland might well have wound up in third place. The funny thing is, all three teams may finish behind Kansas City and California in the second season.

The Royals are simply too good for a 400 record to be true, and they might have a chance to prove themselves without having to make up a 12-game deficit in the standings. Although pitcher Larry Gura was bitten while trying to close a snapping turtle during the strike, the players are hale again. George Brett, who's been sailing in his spare time, should come about and boost his home (1) and RBI (13) totals, although his average is a respectable .323. The Royals can also get immediate pitching help from the minors, particularly from the unlikely-sounding Adee Hammaker, who is part Chinese and part Indian, and last week was 10-5 with a 3.72 ERA at Omaha.

California was moving before the strike,

BEFORE WE WERE SO RUDELY INTERRUPTED

THE STANDINGS ON JUNE 12									
AMERICAN LEAGUE					NATIONAL LEAGUE				
EAST	W	L	Pct.	GB	EAST	W	L	Pct.	GB
New York	34	22	.607	—	Philadelphia	34	21	.618	—
Baltimore	31	23	.574	2	St. Louis	30	20	.600	1½
Milwaukee	31	25	.554	3	Montréal	30	25	.545	4
Detroit	31	26	.544	3½	Pittsburgh	25	23	.521	5½
Boston	30	26	.536	4	New York	17	34	.333	15
Cleveland	26	24	.520	5	Chicago	15	37	.288	17½
Toronto	16	42	.276	19					
WEST	W	L	Pct.	GB	WEST	W	L	Pct.	GB
Oakland	37	23	.617	—	Los Angeles	36	21	.632	—
Texas	33	22	.600	1½	Cincinnati	35	21	.625	½
Chicago	31	22	.585	2½	Houston	28	29	.491	8
California	31	29	.517	6	Atlanta	25	29	.463	9½
Kansas City	20	30	.400	12	San Francisco	27	32	.458	10
Seattle	21	36	.368	14½	San Diego	23	33	.411	12½
Minnesota	17	39	.304	18					

er in the second half. Most of the Orioles have been keeping in good shape, although Third Baseman Doug DeCinces and Shortstop Mark Beltinger have been too busy at the negotiating table to do so. There are, however, ready replacements for them at Rochester in the Triple-A International League: Third Baseman Cal Ripken Jr., who had 17 homers and 61 RBIs at the end of last week, and Shortstop Bob Benner, Baltimore will also benefit from a cake schedule. It plays 31 of its 51 remaining games at home.

Milwaukee, on the other hand, will play 31 of 53 games on the road. If the Brewers are to have half a chance at half a loaf, they will need more typical performances from Catcher Ted Simmons (.207), First Baseman Cecil Cooper (.270) and Outfielder Ben Oglivie (.237). They will also need continued fine form from starter Pete Vuckovich (8-2) and a new form for Reliever Rolfe Fingers. Fingers was looking rather roly when he report-

and new Manager Gene Mauch can now count on a healthy Fred Lynn and Bobby Grich. Bruce Kison may even be ready to pitch again. Owner Gene Autry got married during the interregnum, and the wedding had him blissfully confused. Referring to Shortstop Rick (Rocster) Burleson and his attempt to hit .300, Autry said, "He doesn't want to lay an egg out there."

Pity the White Sox, who immediately embark on a 17-day, 16-game road trip with stops in Boston, Baltimore, New York and Milwaukee. That acid test should tell the league whether the White Sox are for real or not. Shortstop Bill Almon can't possibly be a .326 hitter, but then Outfielder Ron LeFlore shouldn't be batting .234. The Rangers have both a solid starting staff and a league-leading batting average of .284, but something deep in the heart of Texas keeps them from winning. During the early part of the strike, as many as 15 players were involved in organized workouts, but lately the number had dropped to four or five.

Want to or not, Billy Martin will have to go to his bullpen in the first few weeks of the new season. The Oakland manager will also have to see Lee MacPhail, the league president, about his run-in—bump-in, rather—with Umpire Terry Cooney. And the infielders are as bungy as the outfielders are smooth.

The Twins apparently didn't train very hard in their off time, at least not hard enough to make up for their lack of talent. The Mariners, however, could surprise a lot of people. Not only did they work hard the last two months, but Jim Beattie and Jerry Don Gleason also found winning ways in the minors. And Seattle has the big bats of Gary Gray (13 HRs), Tom Puciorek (.328) and Richie Zisk (.321, with eight homers).

NL EAST A second season almost certainly would produce some kind of aberration, a fluke team getting hot for two months. This could be the division, and the Mets could be the team.

Go ahead and laugh. Let's say, for instance, that Dave Kingman goes on a tear, that Ellis Valentine responds well to his new surroundings, that Mookie Wilson plays as he did during the last week before the strike, that Lee Mazzilli bats the ball as sweetly as he bats his eyes. Joel Youngblood, hitting a mere .359, can't even find a place to play on the club. The Mets' defensive weaknesses, which are many, won't be as telling over a short span. Craig Swan, Pat Zachry, Randy Jones, Mike Scott and Neil Allen could provide enough pitching to get by.

If form holds, however, the Expos still should be the strongest team in the division. Leftfielder Tim Lincecum, with 50 stolen bases in 55 games, was on his way to breaking all stolen-base records. Centerfielder Andre

Dawson was fourth in the league in homers with 13 and fourth in batting at .325. Except for Charlie Lea, who had a no-hitter May 10, the pitching had been something of a disappointment. But then, Scott Sanderson has been throwing to his wife, Kathleen, to these many weeks. After Pete Rose passes Stan Musial on the National League hit parade, the Phillies can go about the business of—what? Defending the world championship? Defending their first-half title? Their oldest-but-goodies may feel a little older after this week of training. The same holds true for the Pirates, who may have to call up Luis Tiant to bolster their pitching staff. Pittsburgh will need the continued hitting of Bill Madlock (.326) and Mike Easler (.317) and more production from Dave Parker (.286).

The team hurt most by the strike may be the Cardinals. Time has not healed the wound of Darrell Porter, who is only now beginning

vey, playing with a painful wrist, was hitting only .279. If not for Valenzuela (9-4, 2.45 ERA), Jerry Reuss (5-2, 1.90) and Burt Hooton (7-3, 2.97), the Dodgers wouldn't have won the coveted spring championship. Now Garvey, Russell and Lopes are all close to full strength.

The Reds benefit from the recovery of Johnny Bench, who would have been lost for approximately the same period that baseball was. A healthy Bench joining George Foster (14 HRs, 49 RBIs) and Dave Concepcion (44 RBIs, .306) could give Cincinnati that Old Red Magic again. A jazz festival had booked Riverfront Stadium last week, so the Reds bopped over to the University of Michigan facilities in Ann Arbor. Houston Manager Bill Virdon was thinking of using J.R. Richard to pitch in an exhibition game this week. Richard has made remarkable progress in recovering from his stroke the past two months.

THE FIRSTS THAT DID NOT LAST

AMERICAN LEAGUE		HITTING	NATIONAL LEAGUE	
Dwight Evans, Boston	.341	Average	Art Howe, Houston	.344
Gorman Thomas, Milwaukee	15	Home Runs	George Foster, Cincinnati	14
			Mike Schmidt, Philadelphia	14
			Dave Kingman, New York	14
Buddy Bell, Texas	42	RBIs	George Foster, Cincinnati	49
		PITCHING		
Ken Forsch, California	9	Wins	Steve Carlton, Philadelphia	9
Jack Morris, Detroit	9		Fernando Valenzuela, L.A.	9
Mark Clear, Boston	875 (7-1)	Percentage	Steve Carlton, Phil.	900 (9-1)
Sammy Stewart, Baltimore	180	ERA	Bob Knepper, Houston	1.15
Len Barker, Cleveland	70	Strikeouts	Fernando Valenzuela, L.A.	103

to throw after tearing a rotator cuff. When the workouts began, the Big Stopper, Bruce Sutter, hadn't picked up a baseball in two months. And St. Louis has to play 30 of its last 52 games on the road. The Cubs were sold to The Chicago Tribune shortly after the strike started, which means that 1) Wrigley Field may soon have lights and 2) "The World's Greatest Newspaper" now has "The World's Worst Baseball Team."

NL WEST Remember the sweet position of Fernandez? That was back before the NLRB, the pool concept and the Secretary of Labor wormed their way onto the sports pages. Thank goodness Valenzuela is back, and though the kid got lit up a few times, there's no reason to think he can't win again. The Dodgers certainly need him. Davey Lopes, who'll be the starting All-Star second baseman, was hitting .169, and Shortstop Bill Russell was only slightly better at .196. Lopes had an injured ankle and Russell had hand and wrist injuries. First Baseman Steve Gar-

and his return would be a physical and spiritual boost to the Astros, who were sluggish in the spring. And back is Mike Iye, the first baseman who had been hospitalized for mental exhaustion. The bad news is that only 23 of Houston's 53 games will be in the Astrodome, where the Astros traditionally shine.

The Padres appeared to be in better physical condition than most clubs, although Juan Tynone Eichelberger, their best pitcher (6-3, 2.80 ERA), came down with a slight case of tendonitis from painting his house. The Giants were one of the few clubs to indicate they might bring in a lot of minor-leaguers. Manager Frank Robinson would like to call up Outfielder Jeff Leonard, who's batting close to .400 for Phoenix, Outfielder Chris De-Vis, .330, and First Baseman Rich Murray, Eddie's brother, .330. The Braves are also thinking of calling up some minor-leaguers, one of whom is a Richmond outfielder romantically named Brett Butler. His appearance would be appropriate in a season that was nearly gone with the wind.

END

TWO WINGERS AND A BIG PRAYER

Cleveland and Atlanta open the season with Brian Sipe and Steve Bartkowski inspiring hopes of a meeting in January

by E.M. SWIFT

It is billed as Football's Greatest Weekend. Not so Canton, Ohio's, Greatest Weekend, which it most certainly is. Football's. There are festivities, a parade, speeches and inductions (this year the four new Hall of Famers were Morris (Red) Badgro, George Blanda, Willie Davis and Jim Ringo), and at the end of it all a new season is ushered in with a foot-

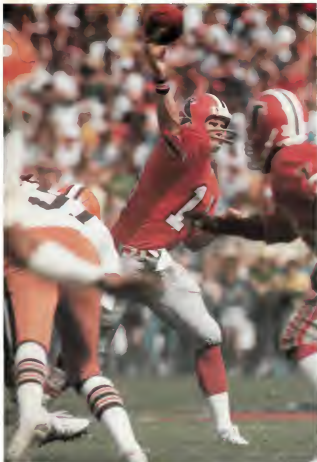
ball game. Everything usually goes smoothly—often movingly—until they have to play the football game.

Last year, for example, the Hall of Fame Game between Green Bay and San Diego ended in a 0-0 tie. It was a wash in all respects—such an abysmal show (Charger Quarterback Dan Fouts played only one series of downs) that Providence finally stepped in and doused the game with a fearful thunderstorm. That ended things with 5:29 still on the clock.

But the season must begin somewhere, and as such things go, Saturday's Hall of Fame Game between Atlanta and Cleveland wasn't a bad one. Starting quarterbacks Brian Sipe and Steve Bartkowski threw 46 passes in the first half alone. The teams, both surprise divisional winners last year, substituted freely, and the Browns won 24-10. They'll meet the Falcons for real in the fourth week of the regular season. Said Browns Coach Sam Rutigliano, "Let's hope we can play them three times." The only way a third game could occur, of course, would be for them to meet in January in the Super Bowl.

A year ago you would have been hooted back to the farm for suggesting that Cleveland and Atlanta might make it to the Super Bowl, but a year ago Sipe and Bartkowski weren't the best quarterbacks in football. They were during the 1980 season. The last time they met before Saturday was as starting quarterbacks in January's Pro Bowl—and in football, unlike baseball, all-star game starters are chosen by players and coaches, not fans. Sipe was the NFL's Most Valuable Player last season and its leading passer. He completed 337 passes, only 11 fewer than Fouts' league-leading total, but he had 10 fewer interceptions—14 to Fouts' 24. Both had 30 touchdown passes; Bartkowski led the league with 31.

Early in his career Bartkowski ran into trouble when he tried to behave like Joe Namath off the field as well as on. Broadway Joe; Peachtree Bart. "I enjoyed reading about myself," he says now. "I enjoyed having people say I was running the street until three in the morning, then coming out the next day and throwing



Bartkowski took Atlanta to the heights by going over the top for a league-high 31 TDs last year

three touchdowns. I tried to conform to that image, but it never did fit."

Bartkowski was also burdened by the expectation that he would be a miracle worker when Atlanta made him the first pick of the 1975 draft. Then, as now, his arm was a rifle. "The thing that was difficult for him," says his coach, Leeman Bennett, who joined the Falcons in 1977, "was overcoming the feeling that 'I've got this great arm and I can stick the football in a hole this big.'" Bennett makes a hole the size of a grapefruit with his hands. "And he could. Most of the time." The rest of the time the ball was going to the wrong-colored jersey or off into space. As a rookie, Bartkowski completed only 45% of his passes. He suffered knee injuries in 1976 and 1977 and, when he did play, threw an unconscionable number of interceptions (13 in 136 attempts in 1977). "Every quarterback understands that he can win a game quicker than anyone on the field," says Bennett. "I had to make Brian understand that he can also lose a game quicker."

In 1978 he lost his starting job in the exhibition season, and it was then that the old Bart died and the new Brian was born. "I have a motto," he says now, "if you don't stand for something, you'll fall for anything." He found religion, and after he spent three games on the bench, Atlanta found a quarterback. The Falcons gained a wild-card berth in the playoffs that year, then suffered a relapse in 1979 before things fell into place last season. They won nine straight during one stretch in 1980 and, for the first time in their 15-year history, a division title. In Atlanta's opening playoff game, against Dallas on Jan. 4, Bartkowski was brilliant, passing for 320 yards and leading Atlanta to a 24-10 advantage late in the third quarter. But the Cowboys rallied for a last-minute 30-27 win.

Sipe's and the Browns' season ended that same day with a heartbreaking playoff loss to Oakland, trailing 14-12. Sipe moved his Kardiac Kids 72 yards to the 13-yard line despite a wind-chill factor of -37°. Less than a minute remained and all Cleveland needed was a field goal, but the Arctic conditions had already caused the Browns to miss two such attempts plus an extra point. Rutigliano called for a pass on second down, and in



Sipe is a Cleveland idol despite the '80 Ankle.

what became last season's most second-guessed play, Sipe's toss, poorly thrown, was intercepted in the end zone. "If there was any doubt, he was supposed to throw it to some blonde in the mezzanine," Rutigliano says. "But with the troubles our field-goal game had been having, Brian wanted to win it right then. Hey, that's the personality of our team. I tell people if they don't like it, they'd better just fasten their seat belts."

The rest of the country may remember that interception instead of Sipe's spectacular season, but that's not the way it is in Cleveland. Some say Sipe has emerged as the most popular athlete in the city's history, surpassing the likes of Jimmy Brown, Bob Feller and Rocky Colavito. "I'm really caught off guard by this thing," Sipe says. "I don't see how anybody could be prepared for the kind of attention I'm getting."

Sipe, who grew up in the San Diego area, has boyish good looks that make him an ideal Midwestern sex symbol. "On the West Coast," he says, "same face, same body, and I'm just another guy." In the Cleveland area no one would dare to suggest that he blew the Raider game. Not their Brian. The Browns would never have been at the 13-yard line, much less in the playoffs, if it hadn't been for their Brian. It was Sipe's performance in the clutch that more than

PHOTOGRAPH BY HENZ KLEINMEIER

anything else sparked the Browns' drive to the AFC Central Division title; 12 of their 16 regular-season games were decided in the last two minutes.

Sipe was a 13th-round draft choice out of San Diego State, where he played for Don Coryell. Unheralded and, as he puts it, "unburdened by potential," he spent two years on the taxi squad before being promoted to a backup job behind Mike Phipps. Like Bartkowski, Phipps was supposed to be the future of his team. "The ones who come in with great things expected of them generally flounder for a while," Sipe says. "The few who have been able to pick up the pieces come back better for the experience. But with Phipps, every time he did something good, the fans thought, 'It's about time.' Every time I did something good, they were pleasantly surprised I've enjoyed sort of a nine-year honeymoon with them as a result."

By modern standards, Sipe is small (6 feet, 195) and his arm isn't overpowering. "Sipe and Bartkowski are diametrically opposite," says Rutigliano. "Bartkowski's a drop-back-and-throw-it-into-Lake Erie type of guy. When he steps onto the field, he reminds me of Clark Kent coming out of a phone booth." At 6'4", 213 pounds, Bartkowski is the model of a pro quarterback in physique, but he is quick to defend the smaller Sipe. "Brian's got much more talent than he's given credit for," he says. "A strong arm and a large body are not as important as gameness and belief in yourself."

Self-belief is Sipe's long suit and, according to Rutigliano, "In the last two minutes of a game the Browns have come to feel that somehow, somehow, Brian will move the ball up the field." That's the same sort of inspiration that George Blanda gave his Oakland teammates in that impossible year of 1970, so it seemed appropriate that Sipe was on display the day Blanda entered the Hall of Fame. Sipe and Bartkowski both played the first half in Canton and acquitted themselves well. Sipe was 13 for 25 for 140 yards, while Bartkowski was 10 for 21 for 139 yards. "Everybody's asking if I can repeat last year," says Sipe. In fact, he thinks he can do better. So does Bartkowski. They want to get together for the last game of the season as well as the first. **END**

SUMMIT MEETING OF THE SUPER 7-FOOTERS

Three altitudinous college freshmen-to-be were the centers of attention at last week's third National Sports Festival in Syracuse by JACK McCALLUM

It was supposed to be a giant coming-out party for four regional teams loaded with fresh young talent, but it became a coming-out party for giants—three 7-foot freshman phenoms. And when the basketball competition of the National Sports Festival III ended in Syracuse, N.Y. last week, America had a new center of attention—Stuart Gray of (oh, no, not again) UCLA. Gray easily outshone Patrick Ewing, who is headed for Georgetown, and Greg Drilling, who is bound for Wichita State.

But let them introduce themselves. Stuart, you were the MVP of the tournament and your West team was the only one to win all four of its games.

"I graduated from John F. Kennedy High in Granada Hills, California, a suburb of L.A. It was a hard decision, picking UCLA, so many of my family being Cal alumni and all. But my father's on the faculty at UCLA, so that helps. I've lived in a lot of different places, and I really didn't begin to take basketball seriously until I moved to the Los Angeles area, just before I entered the 10th grade. Guess I've got the hang of it, sort of. I averaged 31 points and 18 rebounds per game last season at Kennedy."

You're next, Greg.

"I'm 7' 1", which gives me an inch on the other fellows here. I graduated from Kapoun-Mt. Carmel High School in Wichita, Kansas, and Wichita's where I'm going to stay. O.K., I know there's an NCAA investigation going on that may mean less TV exposure and no tournament games. That's the trade-off I made. With the kind of personnel we have I think we can go all the way... if we get the chance."

Patrick?

"I lived in Jamaica until 1974 and

Georgetown's Ewing (15) wasn't up to his nose in clippings, but he still had a hand in the action.



graduated from Rindge & Latin High in Cambridge, Mass. I don't like to talk much, and anyway, my coach at Georgetown, John Thompson, says I can't be interviewed until after January."

The preceding remarks are hypothetical, but the stir the three 7-footers created at the Sports Festival was for real. They

came together, 253 inches of young centers, the hopes and dreams of three Division I universities riding on their substantial shoulders, the hopes and dreams of dozens of other schools perhaps destined to be crushed under their giant footsteps. Singly, they're not extraordinary. Not yet. But collectively they're unprecedented.

"I don't think I've ever seen three pivotmen of this caliber come into college at the same time," says Gene Smithson, who will coach Dreiling (pronounced dry-ling) at Wichita State. "To have three players like this coming in at one time is extraordinary," says Harlem Globetrotter scout Ernie Thuring, who is also the player personnel director of the DPI Summer Pro Basketball League in Los Angeles. "None of the three puts it all together right now," says Syracuse Coach Jim Boeheim, "but..." The implications are obvious. "The amazing thing about it is that each one is a little unique in his style of play," says Wyoming's Jim Brandenburg, who coached Gray's West team to the gold medal. "Each has a chance to dominate in his own way." But only Gray was dominant in Syracuse. He tied the East's Earl Jones in scoring with 73 points, led Dreiling and the South's Mike Wacker in rebounds 37-32 and had just two fewer blocked shots than Ewing (9-7).

Though he has been scrutinized as closely as any high school basketball player since Lew Alcindor, Ewing came into the Festival as something of a mystery. Could he possibly be as good as his clippings? And what was he like personally? His high school coach, Mike Jarvis, had limited his contact with the press, and Thompson, his coach on the East team, as well as at Georgetown, has done the same.

Thompson was right there when Ewing met reporters after games, and Ewing answered most questions in monosyllables. Thompson wouldn't allow him to be interviewed privately. His play on the court was often disappointing, too,

for someone who came in trailing reams of newspaper copy behind him. He scored 41 points in his four games and had only 23 rebounds, the same number as the West's Ralph Jackson, a 6'2" guard. But statistics can be deceiving in all-star games, particularly in the case of a player like Ewing.

"Pat Ewing's history isn't to put up big numbers," says Jarvis. "Pat's history is to win. He plays the game differently than most, by concentrating on defense first. And his teams have won about 99% of the games he's been in. That's not an accident." It's not an accident, either, that many shots attempted against Ewing's teams take strange courses to the basket—impossibly high parabolas that never come close, off-balance bricks that have no chance. Shooters must think: Where is he? Where's Ewing? That's why it's impossible to compute the effect of Ewing's presence on a basketball court from stats. He's far ahead of both Gray and Dreiling in shot-blocking ability, and certainly the most apt comparison that has been made about Ewing is the one with Bill Russell.

It took him just 10 seconds of the first game, against Dreiling's Midwest team, to block his first shot. (It wasn't Dreiling's.) Characteristically, Ewing quickly blocked another. He would flick away one shot and appear to be out of position. So another would be taken, and again Ewing would be there. His most telling block came in a game the West won 93-83. Gray backed down the lane and spun away from Jones, the 6'11" sophomore from the University of the District of Columbia, a Division II team, who was guarding him at the time. Even as Gray started his move, Ewing left his man, John Revelli, and materialized so quickly to smother Gray's scoop shot that Gray didn't even know he was there. Revelli picked up the ball, drove, and Ewing blocked his shot, too. His shot-blocking prowess is the product of timing, leaping ability and long arms. But most of all it comes from his sense of playground priorities: Nothing you do is more discouraging to your opponent than showing a shot back in his face.

Surprisingly, Ewing isn't yet an outstanding defensive rebounder. And at 230 pounds he doesn't have the muscle of Gray (250) or Dreiling (240), the clas-

continued





7-FOOTERS continued

sic establish-position, butt-out, elbows-protruding defensive rebounders. But he'll get stronger.

On offense, Ewing has a long way to go, too; certainly the most burdensome comparisons for him are those with the young Alcindor. Ewing isn't exactly playing with paddles, but he frequently loses the ball when pinched inside. He has a good shooting touch, but both Dreiling, who can bang it from 12 to 15 feet

Wichita State's Dreiling had 57 points and 32 rebounds in the Midwest's four games.

while facing the basket, and Gray, who has a nice turnaround inside, appear to have more feel for the jumper. And Ewing evidently has no hook shot, which is something Thompson might go to work on right away. At Syracuse Ewing also displayed a tendency to lose his bearings while playing with his back to the basket; four times during the Festival he stepped out of bounds while making a move to the hoop.

But Ewing can make the big offensive play, which complements his shot-blocking at the other end of the court. For example, he'll pick up a loose ball at midcourt, take two or three dribbles and jam, as he did against the Midwest in the opener. In short, his game is "transition," as the scouts like to say. "End line to end line, nobody can run like he can," says Jarvis. "I don't think I've ever seen a player of his size go up and down the court like that," says Dreiling. "He's like a racehorse."

In contrast, Dreiling, though not ungraceful, is a plow horse—big, muscular. With him it's set up down low, get ready, then heave ho. Gray is a Clydesdale—grilling, sometimes plodding, up and down the court, powerful, dependable, relentless. Ewing is a racehorse—sleek and proud, fierce in his own way, but better off in the open where he can maneuver, find his own spaces to control the game. "Greg will try to muscle you more than Pat," says Gray. "Pat will give you that one-foot distance, but if you turn around and shoot a jumper, he'll put it right back. At this point, I guess Pat is a little tougher to play because I'm used to contact, which is the way Gregg plays."

When things close in around Ewing, however, he doesn't just stand around, and he is gaining a reputation as King of the Elbows. He threw several at Dreiling when they opposed each other in the Capital Classic high school all-star game in Landover, Md. in March, a battle that continued at the Festival when Ewing wanted to square off with Dreiling after

some contact near the sideline. It would be naive to cast Dreiling as the innocent in all of this, but he does keep his head better than Ewing.

"At times his temper has been his ally, and at times it's hurt him," says Jarvis. "But, mostly, it's helped, because it has been the trademark of his intensity. It's the thing that has kept him going, that's motivated him."

Some question Ewing's motivation, however. His temper notwithstanding, the standard for effort and determination at the Festival was set not by Ewing, but by Gray. Midwest Coach Lute Olson of Iowa sees it this way: "One of John's [Thompson's] strengths is getting his players to give full effort. And when Patrick has that, he'll have everything."

Gray, the son of an Army officer, was born in the Canal Zone. The family soon moved to Fort Gordon, Ga. for nine months. Then it was Fort Lewis, Wash. for six weeks, Watsonville, Calif. for a year, Oakland for a year, Washington, D.C. for two years, Fort Leavenworth, Kans. for a year, then back to Watsonville for a year, then to Fort Benning, Ga. for three years. Next came Mannheim, West Germany—a real basketball hotbed—for four years, before Col. Peter Gray (height: 6' 5") and his wife, Valerie (6' 1½"), brought Stuart and his brother Roger (6' 7") to the Los Angeles suburb of Sepulveda. Col. Gray, who is still on active duty, served in Vietnam, was on the infantry school faculty at Fort Benning, Ga. and was deputy commander of the Army's Criminal Investigation Command for Europe before being assigned to his current post as professor of military science at UCLA. He and his wife both graduated from the University of California at Berkeley (Valerie also has a master's degree in urban planning from UCLA), and Roger is at Berkeley now. Several of Stuart's relatives also attended Cal. But Gray chose the road less frequently taken by Grays but more often taken by college basketball immortals.

"I really considered Cal strongly, along with Stanford and Iowa," says Gray, "but what it came down to was the coaching program and the school itself. Plus I'm a little tired of moving around. It's nice to be going to school near home." Gray had a little boost from another incoming freshman with the fitting name of Nigel Miguel, a 6' 6" guard who was a teammate of Gray's at the Festival. "I first met

continued



"Come to think of it,
I'll have a Heineken."

Stuart when he was in 10th grade, and he wasn't even a starter," says Nigel Miguel. (Both names must be used on all occasions. You don't mess with poetry.) "But you could tell he would be great. There was just something special about him."

Indeed, there is something special about him even though there's nothing special about him. Put a letter sweater on him and you've got a character right out of *Happy Days*—a fellow named Stretch, with an easygoing manner, a shy smile and a 3.5 cumulative grade point in high school. And political fuddy-duddies can

breathe easy. This isn't a Waltonsque revolutionary in the making. Still, he's not interested in his father's profession ("Even if he were, nothing would fit," says the Colonel). At UCLA he plans to major in economics.

The surprising thing about Gray is that his game is so polished for someone who spent four formative years (sixth through ninth grades) tossing it up with Army brats in West Germany. Of the three freshmen, Gray has the best inside game, the best hands, the highest sustained level of physical effort, the best grasp of the game. Here's Gray in action: At halftime of the championship game at Syracuse, against the South, he experimented with a jump hook from the left side, a difficult shot for a righthander. "Before the tournament, Coach Brandenburg suggested I work on it," Gray said. "I had never used it before." Twice in crucial situations in the second half he nailed the jump hook from that side. He also hit all 10 of his free-throw attempts and was 6 of 9 from the field in a 109-97 win.

"Right now Gray plays so hard that I don't know how much more he can hone his skills," says Thuring. "He's further along than the others. The thing about him is that he's so smart. He doesn't overshoot his hand." That's fortunate, because more of his college team's immediate need falls on Gray than is the case with either Dreiling or Ewing. "Having no true center last year was what caused most of our problems," says UCLA's Jackson. "Last year the guards had to come in and rebound, and we couldn't really get our break going like we wanted."

If Dreiling were a farm product, he'd be an ear of corn—a nice, fresh, Midwestern ear of corn. Husk him and what you see is what you get: a classic, set-up, low-post man. Nice touch around the hoop. Un-nice attitude that the area around the basket belongs to him. Intelligent and keeps his head. Gets the ball out on the break.

Can't match Gray or Ewing at getting up and down the court (he runs almost gently, as if avoiding land mines), but he will someday. Says Smithson, "I guess there's a question about his running ability because we'll play a transition game. But I think he'll be able to go with it." Dreiling doesn't have the polish of Gray or the flash of Ewing around the basket, but he still shot 75% from the floor in high school. In the Festival he was sixth in scoring with 57 points in four games and second, along with Wacker, to Gray in rebounds with 32. His team won only one game, splitting a pair with the East. Meanwhile, the East's victory over the Midwest accounted for its only win.

Most of all, Dreiling is the freshman phenom who wears his loyalty on his considerable sleeve. Born and raised in Wichita, he started following the Shockers in high school, and he's been close to them ever since. He's not alone in that loyalty. His 6'6" sister, Theresa, is a starter on the women's team. Dreiling was even more convinced that Wichita State was for him when Smithson became coach in 1978. "I saw he was a man of action and really wanted to get things going again," says Dreiling. But midway through Dreiling's senior year, after he was already committed to Wichita State, the NCAA took an interest in the way Smithson had gotten things going, like reported cash payments to players.

Dreiling thought about it while his high school coach at Kapaun, Bill Carter, played devil's advocate. "Coach Carter really made me aware of the worst," says Dreiling, "that the school could be on a four-year probation. He emphasized that the chances are very, very good." But, finally, Dreiling reaffirmed his decision. "There's no way I'm going to transfer, no matter what happens," he says.

And there they are. Menchiklren from three different parts of the country, joined in time by chance. Dreiling and Gray have become close friends. In different ways, they both handled the attention given them at Syracuse well. But it was painful to watch Ewing struggle through the interviews, to watch apprehension darken those round, deep-set eyes when reporters moved in on him.

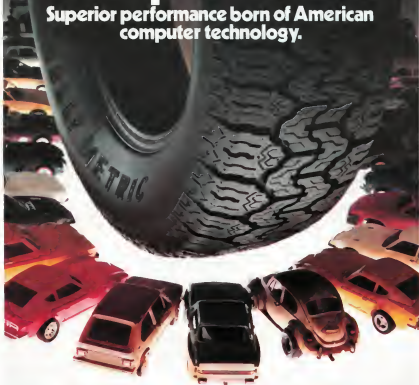
He's young and still has much to learn. But, like Gray and Dreiling, he knows so much already.



UCLA's Gray paced his West team to the championship and was tournament MVP.

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CHANNELING HER ENERGIES



Channel swimmer Cindy Nicholas, who holds the two-way record, is aiming to become the first to swim the English Channel three ways, nonstop

by SARAH PILEGGI

In the predawn darkness of Sept. 8, 1977, Cindy Nicholas of Toronto crawled on her hands and knees out of the murky waters of Dover Harbor on England's southeast coast and onto the pebbles of Shakespeare Beach. She crawled because she was afraid if she stood up she would faint, not from exhaustion but from suddenly being vertical after almost 20 hours of having been prone in the water. When Nicholas was well above the waterline she sat up, her arms clasped around her knees against the cold, and looked back at the water from which she had come. As she sat, collecting herself, three men, British Rail

workers wending their way home along the beach after the night shift, approached out of the dark.

"Oh," said one, "did you just swim the Channel?"

"Yes," said Nicholas pleasantly.

"Good work," he said and, with his companions, moved on.

"It was quarter to four," says Nicholas. "Nobody really gives a hoot. I can understand."

The people of Dover and nearby Folkestone pay little heed to the nocturnal comings and goings of Channel swimmers. Every August, when the water temperature has risen into the 60s, they arrive, a few more of them every year, to listen to weather forecasts and wait, to eat fish and chips and wait, and, once in a while, when time, tide and weather cooperate, to swim. By the end of September they are gone again. It has been that way for 106 years, with time out for a war or two, ever since Captain Matthew Webb of the British merchant ma-



rine first made it across the 21-mile English Channel in 21 hours 45 minutes.

What the 20-year-old Nicholas had done on that dark night in 1977 was complete a nonstop two-way crossing of the Channel in 19:55, 1:50 less than it took the pioneering Captain Webb to go one way. Nicholas was the fourth swimmer and the first woman ever to do a double, and she broke the existing record by more than 10 hours. It was a feat that Norris McWhorter, the keeper of the *Guinness Book of World Records*, compared to breaking the record for running the mile by 52 seconds.

Now Nicholas is 23 and a third-year law student at Ontario's University of Windsor who ought to know better. Nevertheless, this month she will try once again to do something no one else—male or female—has done. She will attempt to swim the Channel three ways. If everything goes exactly right, as it did when she swam her historic double, and she can complete the first two legs of the

Nicholas churns across Penetang Lake, Ontario 12 miles a day, preparing for Channel conditions

swim—England to France and back—in less than 20 hours, she figures three ways will require 36 to 40 hours. But if the first two legs take 23 or 24 hours and she winds up fighting the tide near the French shore, the last leg would be difficult to complete. "We wouldn't land at our intended destination, Cap Gris Nez," she says. "The tide could take us as far down as Calais or Dunkirk, even Ostend. You just don't know. Everything about a three-way is hypothetical."

There are a hundred things that can foul up a Channel swim—weather and tides can refuse to mesh, flotsam, jetsam and ships can get in the way, diesel fumes can nauseate, oil slicks can sicken, jellyfish can immobilize. But the greatest enemy of Channel swimmers is cold: The cold of the water and the cold of the air take an increasing toll as the hours go

by. Because Nicholas has never been in Channel water for longer than 19 hours 55 minutes, she can only guess how her mind and body will react to 36 hours or, worse, more than 40 hours.

"I hate cold water, but everybody else hates it worse than I do," she says.

Weight is crucial to Channel swimmers in their struggle against the cold. Most of the men swimmers are large to begin with and put on as much weight as they can handle as August approaches. Nicholas, who is 5' 5", began her intensive two-a-day training in May at 147 pounds. Now she is down to 135, having been careful not to lose more than two or three pounds in any week. "Six would have been easy," she says. Rather than coat herself with a thick layer of lanolin as many swimmers do for warmth, she uses only a light covering of Vaseline. "Seaweed sticks to lanolin, and you feel dirty enough as it is," she says. "I'd rather keep on as many pounds as I can and still be in shape."

Nicholas is a professional marathon swimmer. She has swum many of the world's major distance events for prize money, but she prefers the test of the Channel, where it costs her and her hard-working parents and, on rare occasions, a commercial sponsor at least \$15,000 each summer that she swims.

"A race is interesting," she says, "but it's hardly any challenge. You race and you get money and that's all. Money for me has always been very secondary. If someone said to me, 'If you finish this, you'll get this much money,' it wouldn't help me. You need something more than that to get you to the finish."

In spite of her disinterest in racing, Nicholas is fast for a marathon swimmer, a fact she attributes to her training as a youth. She holds the record of nine hours and 46 minutes for a France-to-England Channel crossing, and only three of the 200-odd swimmers who have swum the Channel have faster times for England to France than her eight hours, 58 minutes. Her pace for a Channel swim is 84 to 88 strokes a minute—52 to 70 is normal for a woman—and she maintains virtually the same pace throughout the swim, no matter what the distance or the

continued



Veteran Channel Pilot Noakes guided Nicholas and *Fair Chance* (below) through 11 crossings



conditions. Thus, in a two-way swim, her speed shows to better advantage on the second leg, after about 10 hours. Though her time for one leg can be beaten, nobody has beaten her for two, and the only swimmer close to her is Jon Erickson of Chicago, who also intends to attempt a three-way this summer. It was Erickson's 1975 two-way record that Nicholas, swimming in perfect conditions, surpassed by 10 hours.

"Jon's stronger than I am on the first leg, but I catch up on the second and tend to get stronger," she says. "We're about five minutes apart on a one-way. But Jon has the advantage of having been in the water 30 hours a couple of times. I've only done 20."

Another contender for the triple is Kevin Murphy, a 32-year-old reporter for Independent Radio News in London, who is reputed to be able to sleep while he swims. Murphy is very slow, which means that the tides hinder him even more than most swimmers, but his persistence was demonstrated in 1979 when he was in the water for 56 hours in an unsuccessful three-way attempt.

Having swum the Channel 12 times since her debut in 1975, Nicholas is well acquainted with most of its hazards. She has transited viscous masses of jellyfish and once was so badly stung that she had to complete the crossing using only

one arm because she could no longer lift the other. She has been menaced by tankers bearing down on her out of the night. Large swells have thrown her repeatedly against the barnacled rocks of Cap Girs Nez as she tried to push off the French shore. Her arms have been bruised from hitting the long snouts of garfish that are attracted by the phosphorescence that gathers around a swimmer's body at night. She has had to dive under or plow through thick beds of seaweed that can be as much as a quarter of a mile across. She has been tangled in fishermen's nets and banged on the arm by her pilot boat.

"That's the trouble with marathon swimming," Nicholas says. "You don't enjoy it. When you start you're waiting to finish. Sometimes you'll be swimming at night and there'll be ships going by that are really nicely lit up, and it'll be so peaceful and quiet and beautiful, but you can't appreciate it because you're worrying that between where you are and the shore something's going to go wrong." Her worst crossing of all, according to Nicholas, was the one in 1978 when, with, as it turned out, nine hours to go, she ran out of things to think about. Her goal that summer was to become what is known as Queen of the Channel, the woman with the most crossings to her credit. She had tied the record of Greta Andersen the previous summer on the second leg of her two-way, and now she was going for No. 6.

"It was my fifth swim of the summer," she says. "I'd done the Lake Ontario race and just before that the Lake Michigan [Quebec] swim, 15 hours in 52-degree water. By the time I got to the Channel I'd had a swim almost every week and I'd thought about everything. I'd planned out my whole next 10 years. When we crossed over to the French side by boat it was flat calm, but I hadn't been in the water 10 minutes before it started breezing up. The rollers started before I'd even gotten to the tug boat [members of her crew ride in an inflatable boat for the 900 yards to and from the beach]. I thought, 'This isn't fair at all.' But once you start, that's it. You've paid for the boats [around \$1,500 per crossing] and you've paid for the registration [\$170 for a three-way] and you've gone over to France [2½ hours] and you've waited to start [five hours] and you really don't want to do it all over again. I was in the vilest mood you'd ever want to know,

All I could think of was, "When is this going to be over?" That swim took 12:15, and I usually do a one-way in nine hours. Every minute over nine was like an hour. I mean I've had more awful swims than good ones, but this was the real loser. It was so long and so lonely you wanted a shark to come up beside you so you could say "Hi, how're you doing?" "

With Queen of the Channel under her belt, Nicholas was again without an immediate goal, a situation that causes her a certain amount of anguish, in or out of the water. But at the back of her very busy mind was the idea of the three-way. It had been planted there by her fisherman-pilot, Val Noakes of Folkestone, the night she finished her record two-way in 1977. From Shakespeare Beach, where she had encountered the night-shift workers, Nicholas had swum back to Noakes' 40-foot fishing boat, *Fair Chance*, and climbed aboard for the seven-mile trip to Folkestone. Feeling pleased with herself, she went into the wheelhouse, the warmest spot, and there Noakes, who has piloted all but one of her 12 crossings, looked her over and said, "Well, you look fit. Why didn't you turn around and do a three-way?"

Noakes is 52. He's a fisherman by trade, but for 28 years he has been piloting for Channel swimmers, including an Argentinian who required 43 hours to complete the first two-way in 1961. Noakes' house overlooks Folkestone Harbour, and on fine days he can see the French coast from his kitchen windows.

On the whole, Noakes doesn't think highly of Channel swimmers ("You see these blokes, these mountains of men, who perhaps take 15 or more hours to do a one-way, crawling up the beach after their swim"), but Nicholas is different. "Cindy's rather like a marathon runner," he says. "Her strokes never vary and she keeps up a continual pace no matter how long she goes on swimming. At feeding time I don't have to signal to her that it's time to stop. She automatically knows the time to the very second and pauses by the boat. Most swimmers take up to 10 minutes for a feeding break, but not Cindy. She takes about three seconds, and all told she probably doesn't stop for more than 10 minutes during her entire crossing."

The three-way idea, once planted, grew slowly, and by August 1979 Nicholas was ready. The weather was decent



The Nicholas family works as a team: Cindy swims, Jim encourages and Vickie dotes out peaches.

and she swam well, but the water was unsettled, patched with cold spots.

She finished the two-way in 19:12, reducing her own record by 43 minutes, but she chose not to go on. "Had I not been cold, I would've given it a try because a two-way is not all that easy. In fact, I don't ever want to do a two-way again, but because that's the only way I can get to a three-way, I'm more or less stuck with it."

Last summer she set out twice again but both times was beaten by the weather. She and her crew—her father, Jim, who teaches fourth-graders at Our Lady of Fatima parochial school in Scarborough, Ontario, Vickie, her mum, a nursing supervisor of the operating and recovery rooms at Scarborough General Hospital; Noakes; and two official observers from the Channel Swimming Association—waited until Aug. 19 for her first 1980 try, having sat tight for 23 days hoping for "triple weather"—favorable tides and flat calm.

As it turned out, the wind blew so hard that although she eventually finished a one-way in 10:19, she knew after only five hours there was no point going on.

Her next try came on Sept. 3, and it was much worse. Miles off course, buffeted by winds of near gale force, plowing through seas so heavy that sometimes she found herself looking down on the *Fair Chance* and faced with having to walk after dark and in the muck of low tide half a mile across a bar called Good-

wan Sands while her pilot boat sailed around it, Nicholas finally threw in the towel. She was two-thirds of the way through her second leg and had been in the water 18 hours 35 minutes.

It was a difficult decision to make and she treaded water for five minutes, talking it over with her crew. Twice she reached out toward the boat and then withdrew her hand as if from a hot stove. (According to the CSA, holding onto the boat disqualifies the swimmer.) For one thing, it meant that a year's work had been for nothing. For another, she had never before failed to complete a crossing. And then, with her third reach toward the *Fair Chance*, her summer was over; she was already overdue at law school, and she still hadn't had a real shot at her goal.

"The Channel has become sort of an obsession," she says. "I have this three-way on my mind and I want to be the first to do it. There's nothing else I want to do. The only good try was '79 with that two-way. I didn't even get to the point last year when I could say, 'I can't go another stroke.' It was just, 'Look at this weather! A boat shouldn't be out here, let alone a swimmer.' I think if anyone can give it a good try, I can."

Of the 200-odd swimmers Noakes has guided into the Channel, Nicholas, he thinks, is the best by far. He admires her courage, but he worries about her health, and with reason. In May of 1980, a week after completing her first-year law exams,

continued

Nicholas and her father went to Egypt for the 32-km Nile River Swim. The prize money was not enough to pay even a one-way air fare, but Nicholas felt she could use the event as training for the Channel. Besides, she wanted to see Egypt.

The race was a disaster, the aftermath even worse. "The Nile has a current down the middle," says Cindy. "So you go down the course in about 10 minutes. Then you cut toward one shore and return along it, because you can't fight the current in the middle. So you're swimming in water that's not even knee-deep and where all the sewage and gunk is."

Of the 21 swimmers who started the race, eight finished. For placing fourth, Nicholas won \$272. For being so foolish as to swim at all, she got schistosomiasis, a tropical disease that affects more people around the world than cancer and high blood pressure put together.

"Travel books say 'Don't wade in the water,'" says Nicholas. "I didn't wade. I really lingered."

Nicholas now knows a great deal about schistosomiasis. It is caused by a parasite that lives in the tissue of certain freshwater snails. In humans the parasite passes through the lungs and lodges primarily in the liver, causing periodic high fevers, diarrhea, fatigue and discomfort in the areas of the liver and the intestines.

"I was so sick," she says. "I had good days and bad days. Days that were bad I could hardly walk, felt really dragged, really sick, really flushed. When I trained in the morning, I was exhausted and would go to bed all day and then get up and train again."

In late July, at the height of her Channel training schedule, Nicholas checked into Toronto's County General Hospital for a week of treatment with the agreement that she be allowed to leave twice a day for her workouts at a nearby pool. "You can't take a week off just before you go to the Channel," she says. "You can't even take two days off."

For Nicholas, the cure, as it turned out, was considerably worse than the disease. Its goal was to kill the parasites before they produced their first batch of eggs, but Nindazole, the drug used to do that, produces, among other unpleasant things, severe headaches, intense nausea and diarrhea.

"There's a whole bunch of side effects, and you get them all," she says. "The first night I was lying there trying to go to sleep, and my heart rate, at rest, was 98. Normally it's 48 to 50." She was offered Tylenol and Valium for curbing the side effects, but with her departure for England only two weeks away she decided not to take them.

One day, during her early evening workout, when Nicholas was pushing a bit, trying to keep pace with a sprinter in the next lane, her chest began to feel tight and she stopped. Then, thinking of the Channel, she pushed on, and the tightness got worse. She stopped again, but the pain continued to increase. Now it was running down her arms. She tried a couple more lengths, then gave up and went into the dressing room where she was unable to raise her arms to open her locker. Thinking she might be having a heart attack but not wanting to make a scene, Nicholas lay down on the gummy locker-room floor and concentrated on breathing. When 15 minutes passed and she still felt as though a house were on her chest, she called for help. "I don't feel so hot," she told Bruce Gibson, a coach who sometimes oversees her workouts.

"She couldn't move or get up," says Gibson. "We knew what was causing it, but all we could do was try to comfort her. Her whole chest cavity hurt terribly and she was crying."

After 15 more minutes, the crisis passed as suddenly as it had arrived. The next day the muscles of her chest, neck and arms felt bruised, but two days later she went straight from the hospital to the airport to catch her plane for London. She claims that her two unsuccessful attempts at a three-way last summer were unaffected by her illness, but she admits that if the weather had allowed a swim longer than 18:35, things might have been different. Her last fever occurred in March, and although she still periodically consults a Toronto tropical-disease specialist, she thinks it's primarily to satisfy his professional curiosity, there being few victims of such diseases around Lake Ontario.

Most marathon swimmers train outdoors from May until September, but water temperatures in many lakes in Ontario are still in the 40s in May, so Nicholas stays indoors until July, swimming six or eight high-quality miles a day with two local swim clubs.

In mid-July, when the water's north of Toronto have warmed, the Nicholas family moves for two weeks to a rented cabin on Penetang Lake, 100 miles away. There Cindy becomes reaccustomed to cold and choppy water, to swimming without turns and without lines on the bottom to guide her. She gets used to lifting her head to look around, to running



On the shores of Penetang, Nicholas' neighbors and fans gather around before a training session.

into debris and to the knowledge that yucky things lurk unseen in the water.

"Imagine if you could see the bottom of the Channel!" she says. "There are always things biting at your feet, slimy things. I close my eyes. I don't want to know what they are." Her only reward at Penetang Lake is that she can sleep in until 6:30—two hours later than her schedule the rest of the year permits. She swims 12 miles a day there, back and forth across the 1½-mile-wide lake at a pace of 22½ to 23 minutes a mile, with two-minute rests between crossings. Jim is always at her side in an aluminum boat with an outboard motor, both to keep her company during her lonely hours and to fend off other boats.

Jim has been beside his daughter from the beginning. He was a swimmer himself when he was young, and he taught Cindy, his only child, to swim when she was 2½. She began competing at five and reached her peak as an age-group swimmer in the 10-to-12 bracket when she held several Ontario and Canadian records in freestyle, butterfly and backstroke events. After that the returns on her training gradually diminished. She still harbors an almost morbid distaste for birthdays, which she dates to her age-group swimming period when a birthday meant plunging overnight from the top of the heap in the 12-and-under to the cellar of the 14-and-under.

Her switch to marathon swimming came when she was 16, and it occurred quite suddenly. One day father and daughter were looking down at the vastness of Lake Ontario and talking about Marilyn Bell, who first swam it in 1955. "We thought, wouldn't it be nice if I did it," says Cindy.

On Aug. 16, 1974, with a compass, a 10-hp outboard motor, a reporter from the *Toronto Globe and Mail* who was pursuing a scoop, a sack of leftovers from the fridge and no idea at all what they were doing—"I mean green, green, green!" says Cindy—Jim and Cindy set out for the starting point at Youngstown, N.Y., 32 miles across the lake from Toronto. Arriving there at 2 a.m., Cindy talked two boys with a larger boat into accompanying them in exchange for free gas, and they were off. At 8 a.m. the boys announced they had to leave, and for the next five hours the little party was alone, far from the sight of shore. Finally, with

14 miles to go, the pilot of a small plane noticed them and spread the word that someone was trying to swim the lake. Because no one had attempted it for 13 years, the news stirred up some excitement on the waterfront, and before long a flotilla of small boats had appeared to escort Cindy the rest of the way.

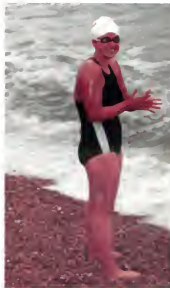
She finished at Ontario Place, site of the Canadian National Exhibition in the center of Toronto's lakefront, in 15:10. The first thing she did was stand up too quickly and faint. The next was to hold a press conference. When a reporter asked what she was going to do next, she said, "You mean I have to do something else?"

"I didn't consider myself a long-distance swimmer," she says. "I was just swimming Lake Ontario. But he said, 'Well, you must do the Channel.' So I said, 'O.K., fine. Whatever.'"

Thus a Channel swimmer was born. The next year, 1975, before she had even heard of Gertrude Ederle, 17-year-old Cynthia Maria Theresa Nicholas swam the Channel, England to France, in the then-record time of 9:46. Because it was the 100th anniversary of the first swim, the Channel Swimming Association presented her with the Captain Webb Silver Salver, and she was hooked.

This week the Nicholas family will be back in Folkestone for the seventh time. Again they will be consulting the skies, listening to the forecasts, eating fish and chips, and playing cards to pass the empty evenings. If the day finally comes when the tides are right and the forecasters agree that the wind will be no more than force two or three and something in Noskes' fisherman bones tells him the weathermen are right, and if Cindy agrees, then they will go. Vickie will sit on the deck of the *Fair Chance*, next to the rail, and there she will stay for as long as it takes. Vickie will have a suitcase full of food and gear at her side, and she will fill paper cups with liquids and diced peaches and write brief messages to Cindy on a pad with a felt-tip pen.

Jim will sit nearby, watching every stroke, and when he wants a sandwich he'll move to the opposite side of the boat so that Cindy won't think about food. Noskes will stand in the wheelhouse with the door open. He won't be able to see Cindy because she swims close to the boat, but he'll listen for the steady splashes of her strokes.



Cindy checks Channel before her 1977 double

Cindy, down in the water, under the curve of the boat's hull, will feel as secure as one can in her circumstances, knowing that even if it takes 44 hours and no matter how cold and tired and hungry and wet those three people get, one or another or all of them will be looking after her.

"It's very important to have people you trust watching you, people who are so concerned for you that they don't mind watching you the whole time," Nicholas says. "A lot of things can happen. Last year especially I felt I was getting strength from them as I swam."

However, the iron will that propels Nicholas in spite of her fears—of the real dangers in the Channel as well as the ones that go squish in the night—is all her own. "If I do that three-way," she says, "nobody can bring out a history book and point to someone else who did it first. Who are they going to compare me to? Nobody! After that I think I'll be a lawyer."

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THE MAN THEY LOVE TO HATE

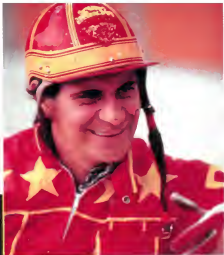
The other day a New Jersey life insurance salesman traveled out to Colts Neck, N.J. to pay an unwanted call on harness horse driver Carmine Abbatiello. After an exchange of sharp words, Abbatiello screamed, "I'm gonna turn my dog loose on you if you're not out of here by the time I count to 10."

"But Carmine..." pleaded the insurance salesman.

His fellow harness drivers aren't exactly fond of abrasive Carmine Abbatiello, but he really couldn't care less. He's already won \$29 million in that sulky.

by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY





Abbatiello charges up on the outside at Roosevelt Raceway, where bettors act on the theory "When in doubt, bet Carmine."



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COOKE

Close to a perfect harness driver as there is. Yet, anomalously, he isn't widely known. Most athletes—and a first-rank harness driver is indeed an athlete—complain that if only they could perform in the spotlight of New York instead of, say, Seattle or San Antonio, they would be famous. But Abbatiello performs only in New York, and while he is well recognized there, his identity doesn't carry much beyond the banks of the Hudson. He points at a colt across a pasture on his farm. "I tried to name him 'Almost Famous,' just like me," he says with a laugh. The U.S. Trotting Association didn't approve: it was Abbatiello's luck that somebody else had already registered a horse with that name.

Abbatiello simply suffers from being too New York, a superstar who takes no road trips. He almost never drives at tracks other than Yonkers and Roosevelt, he has no interest in Grand Circuit racing and the sport's showcase events like the Hambletonian and the Little Brown Jug. "Why should I go anywhere else?" he asks. "I'm here with the best and beating the best."

The numbers back him up. At 45 years of age he's second in career wins (4,723) behind his archrival, 43-year-old Herve Filion (7,751), and third in money won (\$28,997,160 as of last week) behind Filion (\$34,161,011) and the legendary Billy Haughton (\$30,873,757). But Abbatiello surely will pass Haughton in the next few years. "Carmine is second to none," Filion says charitably. After winning a recent race, Filion called over to Abbatiello. "The cream always rises to the top." An unimpressed Abbatiello responded, "So does the crap." But in a gentler moment, Abbatiello admits, "I'd rather be in a race without Herve. He may not beat you, but he'll be in the photo with you."

What it boils down to is that Filion, who performs at many tracks in the U.S. and Canada, has the finesse, while Abbatiello, who stays home, has the aggressiveness. In fact, he's widely considered the most aggressive driver ever, which is why he's also conceded to be the best driver on half-mile tracks, where aggressiveness counts for a great deal.

continued

"Two, four, six, eight, 10," bellowed Abbatiello. And with that, he did turn loose his dog, Gus, a Rottweiler so mean that he snarls at the rising sun, and the race was on. The salesman vaulted atop his car just in time, leaving Gus to go nuts down below.

This vignette in the high-speed life of Abbatiello, one of his sport's best drivers, speaks volumes. You may have noticed that he counted to 10 by twos; Abbatiello prefers not to waste time and is always looking for an edge. And you may have noticed that he turned his dog loose. Abbatiello is solid brass and doesn't make idle threats—or boasts.

How good are you, Carmine?

"Oh, I'd say on a scale of 10, I'm an eight."

Only an eight?

"Yeah, but there aren't any nines or 10s."

So you're the best?

"Well, when you're good, you're good."

So what's the difference between you and the other drivers?

"About two seconds."

Indeed, Abbatiello, whose hands somehow transmit to horses the seriousness of this business of winning, is as

In 11 of the last 13 years, Abbatiello has won more than \$1 million; he gets 5%. Since 1975 he has been the sport's leading money-winner twice and never worse than third, and three times has won more than \$1 million. Financially, he had his best year in 1980, finishing second in purse money won with \$3.3 million, which put about \$165,000 in his pocket. "Going in circles is kind of silly," Abbatiello admits, "but the money's good." Last year he was leading driver at Yonkers for the third time in a row and the fifth time in his career; six times he has been tops at Roosevelt. Predictably, 1981 is going well. At the close of last weekend he already had won 196 races and \$1,542,284.

Abbatiello thinks it's no trick analyze-

1980, for example, he was first 391 times.

Even though he is the most sought-after driver in New York, Abbatiello knows that if he doesn't drive, somebody else will. And if that somebody does well, he'll get to drive the horse next time out and Abbatiello won't. That's why until a couple of months ago he'd never taken his family on a vacation. Day after day he jumps in his new Mercedes 300 SD around 4 p.m., fights the god-awful rush-hour traffic to the track, races all evening and then drives back home, arriving by 2 a.m. Late one recent evening, another motorist pulled alongside Abbatiello on the Belt Parkway near Kennedy Airport and hollered, "Come on Carmine, let's race."

Discussing what makes Abbatiello so

president of the Standardbred Breeders and Owners Association of New Jersey, as well as a standardbred owner, says, "I don't believe you develop the talent my brother has. The only thing that happens with experience is the skills get a little better. With Carmine, he has that little extra snap in his wrists." An admiring Del Irsko, a veteran driver recently passed by Abbatiello on the all-time money list, says, "It's just ability he was born with, plus he very seldom uses poor judgment." That's why savvy New York bettors generally subscribe to the theory: When in doubt, bet Carmine. To which Abbatiello responds, "Yeah, then they boo the hell out of me if I have the favorite and lose or if I beat the favorite. New Yorkers are wonderful."

But at Roosevelt, after a win, Carmine is laughing as he says, "I'm just so good I scare myself." He's the absolute master of bold, sweeping, unexpected moves that leave opponents muttering. Another top New York driver, Lucien Fontaine, says, "He loves to beat us, but I can't tell you how much we love to beat him."

Buddy Regan, one of New York's best trainers, stands in awe of the man who drives most of his horses. "Carmine gives every horse a chance to be a racehorse," Regan says. "That makes him a better friend if he's driving the 2-to-5 favorite, he won't let some 10-to-1 shot suck along and beat him at the end." To this end, Abbatiello isn't shy about using the whip. After he won a recent race, driving hard, by a nose, one of his rivals growled, "Well, one step past the wire, I beat him." That's the way Abbatiello is. Just when the horse has nothing left, he wrings one more little burst to the wire out of it and leaves the other drivers telling what-ifs stories.

That style leads to sniping that Abbatiello, who has a reputation for tough but fair racetrack conduct, abuses horses. It's true that if an owner has a horse he wants to baby along in hopes of cashing a few checks for third- and fourth-place, Abbatiello isn't the right driver. Trainer Mike Santa Maria comes to Abbatiello's defense: "Some guys do say he abuses horses. I say he tries to win." With that, Santa Maria turns over a horse to Abbatiello moments before a race and says, "If you're so great, let's see you win with this thing." Abbatiello does.

So, does he have any faults? "Sure," says driver Jimmy March. "He wins all



Carmine talks turkey with a crow named Joe, who was rescued as a nestling by Abbatiello's son, Eric.

ing his success: "I drive a lot so I win a lot." That's true, as far as it goes. He commutes from his 48-acre spread in New Jersey to Roosevelt (a 150-mile round trip, and four hours or more behind the wheel or Yonkers (only a 124-mile round trip) more than 250 nights a year. The other day his 12-year-old son Eric, said, "Why don't you stay home tonight?" Carmine, aghast, replied, "Stay home? I might have a chance to win one." His goal is to average one win a night in four or five drives. He does that, easily; in

good. Stan Bergstein, executive vice-president of the Harness Tracks of America, says, "He has that intangible something he conveys with his hands through the lines that keeps the horse alive. He's so confident of his judgment on the track that he doesn't drive according to pre-conceived notions, and I think he conveys that feeling of confidence to the horse. And he never loses because of lack of trying. He does all this with a lot of horses who aren't that brave."

Abbatiello's brother, Tony, who's

the races." In truth, Abbatiello was only about 20% of the time, which is still enough to cause plenty of consternation among his colleagues. His brother concedes, "He's overly aggressive. If he were a golfer, he wouldn't be trying to make the cut. He'd be trying to win the whole pot." Other horsemen privately cluck that Abbatiello really isn't one of them. He is, they say, "just" a driver—a hired gun. Horseman, to most racetrackers, means getting up at the crack of dawn or earlier, going to the track to train, taking a few hours off and then coming back at night for the races. Abbatiello sleeps until 9 a.m., putters around the house and then goes to the races. He trains a few horses, but not enthusiastically or often.

It's his alleged lack of horsemanship that in part has kept him out of the sport's Hall of Fame, where he obviously belongs. Abbatiello also "lacks statesmanship," according to one insider. "He doesn't care whether he is liked or disliked. All he wants is to be the best driver. He says he is, and, by God, he is." Abbatiello gives the Hall of Fame slight a sneer, points to his family room wall and says, "See. I'm in the Italian Hall of Fame. Besides, they don't have to put me in the Hall of Fame to tell me how good I am."

More than anything, Abbatiello is denied his due because of his indictment in 1973 on race-fixing charges involving exotic betting. Neither he nor any of the other 12 drivers who were indicted were convicted of anything. Four cases were dismissed, one was thrown out by a judge, and eight defendants, including Abbatiello, were tried and acquitted. It's now generally agreed the charges smacked of grandstanding by the prosecution, and that while there's wrongdoing in harness racing, these allegations weren't supported by the facts. Abbatiello is stoic about it all. "Anytime money is involved, there are those who say it's crooked," he says. "I've heard people say they don't think Bingo is on the level."

O.K., Carmine, when you die...

"I'll never die. The Lord has in mind a lot of suffering for me to do. A lot."

Well, in the unlikely event you ever do die, will a lot of friends show up at your funeral?

"Naw, just my family."

Could be. A USTA official, pleading anonymity, says, "I don't have a very high opinion of him. He won't lift a finger to help anybody else. Carmine is for

Carmine." Bergstein says, "He can be kind of a rough-cut guy, but there are bits of polish. I guess I'd say he has a nice patina to him."

He really does. Knocking around the tracks with him is an adventure in candor, Abbatiello having reached that level of success which enables him to say anything to anybody. After a losing drive at Roosevelt, the owner of the horse questions Abbatiello.

Owner: What do you think of him?



Two of the 12 standardbreds on Abbatiello's New Jersey farm: Penny Royal and her 3-month-old colt

Abbatiello: I don't think he's much stock.

Owner: If you had gotten him out instead of being locked in, he might have won.

Abbatiello: There's no way this horse could have won.

Owner: What shall we do?

Abbatiello: I don't know, but I'll tell you one thing.

Owner: What?

Abbatiello: This horse ain't nothin'!

Later, Abbatiello says, "Owners want to be hed to, but I won't do it."

Another owner who had just paid \$70,000 for a horse who finished badly asked Abbatiello what he thought of the animal. "You watched," snapped Abbatiello. "He's a pig."

On another recent occasion, Abbatiello

lo, thoroughly steamed after sitting behind a horse of no talent, walked over to its owner and said, "If your idea is to make me look bad, your horse did a good job at it." He spun on his heels and marched away.

Yet Abbatiello, who is very nearly always the most visible driver on the track because of his flashing red silks, isn't a prima donna. Says Marohn, "Carmine would rather race a 20-to-1 shot from the eight hole than sit in the paddock

watching." Says Abbatiello, "I'll drive anything for anybody." But only in a race. He risks other drivers not only by his refusal to get up early in the morning to train horses but also because he won't even warm them up himself before a race. Trainers do the job for him. "If you warm them up, you see them do a little of this, a little of that, something wrong here," Abbatiello says. "My philosophy is to drive every horse like he's a good horse. Bad horses get lucky too, you know. Anyway, I'll worry about the race when I get behind the starting gate. This way I'm a surprise to them and they're a surprise to me. It's best."

Abbatiello has the ideal temperament for a driver. "I don't get nervous," he says. "Why should I? I have everything to gain and nothing to lose. If I don't

continued

win anything, well, I'm right where I was two minutes ago when the race started. I haven't lost nothin'." Many drivers carry stopwatches to gauge the pace; Abbatiello feels he doesn't need a clock. "I go as fast as I can all of the time," he says. "I'm always in a hurry. A watch don't make me go faster. See, what I really enjoy about racing is hearing all that screaming and swearing—behind me."

There are those who think that the main problem an owner or trainer has

an easy game." Again he loses: "Whoops, it's not as easy as I thought."

Win or lose, this racing is terrific stuff for a kid who grew up on Staten Island, dropped out of high school after his junior year, rolled dice and pitched pennies and was chastised by his father, who said, "Without an education, Carmine, you'll be a bum." The younger Abbatiello thought he had reached Narvana when he was driving a scrap-metal truck for \$100 a week, take-home \$75. But he got

Injuries aside, Abbatiello's decision to switch to the standardbreds was certainly fortunate. The Colts Neck spread he bought with his winnings 12 years ago for \$90,000 is now worth \$500,000. These days he has his eye on a house near Colts Neck that sits on only eight acres. He circles it in his car and stares at it. His wife, Marie, says, "It looks like a castle." Which is where a king should live. But Abbatiello shakes his head and says, "A half million for that. I don't know. But it doesn't sound so bad if you say it fast." Then he complains about another property, 72 acres with four houses, a racetrack and a theater. "The guy wanted \$1 million," Abbatiello says. "I offered \$800,000. Later I said, 'Let's compromise.' He said, 'Fine, \$950,000.' That ain't a compromise, is it?"

Back home, he dabbles at moving a fence and sundry trivia. He even cleans the pool and mucks out stalls.

Why not have somebody else do that?

"Then what would I do?" says Abbatiello.

It's all Norman Rockwell. There's his pond with the Canada geese; there are his horses; there's a tire swing hanging from the big maple in the front yard; there's a sign in the latches that says, "Happiness is catching. We get it from each other"; there's Gus, snoring at the wind. And there's Abbatiello, leaning on a fence, reflecting.

"Yeah, sure, I'm proud of myself. I've come a long way. But I stuck it out when a lot of other guys quit. I once went 60 races without a win but I didn't panic. I kept driving, because if you're not in the race, you can't win. But I'm just a guy who wants to make a living with two kids, two dogs, one crow and one wife. And honestly, the most important thing in racing is how good the horse is. I never forget that."

Still, when an onlooker remarked of a horse, "He's a great athlete," Abbatiello piped up, "So am I."

Later, down at Ralph's bar not far from Abbatiello's home—the main decoration in the joint is a picture of Carmine—Marie explains her husband's success. "There are a lot of people in this business who are busy wishing. Carmine is busy doing it." Which makes Abbatiello smile and say, "You know, in a bad week I make \$1,000. Pretty good for a high school dropout, huh?"



"I have a light touch and golden hands," says Abbatiello who never also has a broken left wrist

when he gets Abbatiello is Abbatiello's mouth. It's a typical New York mouth—loud, insistent, outrageous, arrogant. Years ago, when he made a rare trip out of New York to drive at Windsor (Canada) Raceway, he won five straight races. When he was asked about that streak, he managed to antagonize an entire nation by saying, "I think I'll move here. These guys are easy."

Yet despite his passion for winning, he can lose and not lose his cool. On a hot night not long ago at Roosevelt, he was second but cheerful, saying, "It could have been worse. We could've been third." Later it was worse. He was eighth. Said Abbatiello, "Somebody has to be eighth and I'm willing to take my turn—but not often." Then he wins: "Ah, such

laid off and, while he was on unemployment, turned to the horses because of the interest his brother, Tony, had in them. After falling off a rodeo pony in the first lesson of an abortive attempt to learn how to ride thoroughbreds—Abbatiello's nose was the first part of him to hit the ground—he discovered the more stable sulky. Since then, he has been hit in the mouth with a flying horseshoe and been kicked twice by yearlings. Small wonder none of his top teeth are home-grown. He also has been thrown off his sulky many times, breaking his right elbow in 1976, and two weeks ago fracturing his left wrist in a pileup that resulted in the death of the horse he was driving. The accident kept Abbatiello off the track for 14 days.

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Moore congratulates Stallone for his save on a penalty kick

P.O.W., right in the kisser

Seeking soccer "Victory" over P.O.W.s, the Germans stop playing Mr. Nice Guy

World War II P.O.W. movies are a wonderful invention, for while watching them, it is morally correct to cheer out loud for the jailbirds. After all, our P.O.W.s are all certified good guys, testing their decent Anglo-Saxon ingenuity against the dumb, sourpuss German guards—"an upper-crust game," as a character in *Victory*, the latest in this tried-and-true genre, portrays it. Indeed, although Nazis everywhere else are the very manifestation of evil, in P.O.W. movies they are, for some reason, usually quite civil, nearly congenial—oh, a bit naive, perhaps, maybe even a little testy when their patience is really tried, but archmonsters. . . ?

P.O.W. escape is a sport, whether or not athletics are actually involved—as

they were in *The Wooden Horse* (the 1951 flick in which prisoners dug a tunnel under a gymnastics horse), or now, in *Victory*, which features a soccer match between the Allied P.O.W.s and the German national team at Colombes Stadium in occupied Paris. This is all a fiction, of course, and a most improbable one, but entertaining enough, with a script that is fast-paced and engaging.

What is, alas, missing from *Victory* is that horrible oppressive proximity, that almost diseased symbiotic relationship between captive and captor, which usually is so involving in these films. Think of *The Colditz Story* and *Stalag 17*. The trouble with *Victory* is that, even for a P.O.W. tale, the Nazis are the most toothless of villains. Oh, yes, the Kommandant boasts an eye patch and an obligatory snarl, but nobody will be taken in by such artless tokenism, they might as well have given him a peg leg and a parrot and called this a pirate movie. The only German soldier that we ever get to know, the major who arranges the game (Max Von Sydow), is really quite a decent fellow.

Curiously, the German soccer club is brimming with dirty players who trip and punch the poor underfed P.O.W.s, secure in the knowledge that they will be protected by a partisan referee. How strange to make the German warriors nicer chaps than their football sportsmen. And Hollywood really should know better than to cloud up a climactic athletic contest with a rotten ref, for that takes so much away from all that a game means when the players have at it fair and square. Then, too, the ghastly intensity of a prison camp evaporates when the film moves too far afield. A soccer pitch, wonderfully verdant and open, is such a great contrast to the gray, inhibiting prison venue. (I also hated *The Great Es-*

cape once Steve McQueen got out of the barbed wire and was barreling all over the green countryside on a motorcycle.) P.O.W. movies should stay in prison, is what I say.

The game is marvelously photographed by Gerry Fisher, under Second Unit Director Robert Rager, who used to be an illustrator for this magazine. There is also some stirring music by Bill Conti, who seems to have scored every sports film ever made. *Victory* is a professional effort, a well-mounted production under Director John Huston, even if it is never exceptional.

Michael Caine plays the captain of the P.O.W. team in his usual manner: detachment and cynicism giving way to real care. But then Caine always handles that well, invoking some Spencer Tractant qualities. Sylvester Stallone is the predictable wise-cracking Yank cast among the Limeys. Although Stallone is really a TV-type actor, à la Henry Winkler, completely associated with the one role of Rocky Balboa, he is rather appealing in *Victory* and even manages to put some distance between himself and South Philly. And while there is not so much as a French kiss in *Victory* (and only some appropriate dabs of obscenity and violence in this PG film), shots of the unshirted Stallone straining to escape will certainly prove breathtaking for anxious peccatorial fans.

And for you soccer buffs, Pelé, playing a Trinidadian prisoner named Luis Fernandez (with overtones of Jesse Owens '36), performs gloriously, as do a posse of other international soccer luminaries, including Werner Roth, formerly of the Cosmos, who portrays the sinister German team captain; England's Bobby Moore; and Argentina's Osvaldo Ardiles. The problem with using real athletes, especially one so recognizable as Pelé, is that all illusion vanishes as soon as he starts to strut his stuff; everyone in the theater knows very well they are watching Pelé '81 and not Luis Fernandez '43. But then, maybe it doesn't matter that much, for escape films are escapists after all, and let's not quibble.

END

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NOTHIN' YET

Cable and pay TV, which already have brought remarkable variety to the home screen, are precipitating revolutionary change, and all of sport will be affected. The first of two parts

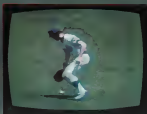
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ESPN



USA



ESPN



WTBS



FBS



ESPN

CONTINUED

THE TV REVOLUTION

continued



Collegiate hoops riveted Squires in Montana.

The ultimate sports spectator, or junkie, vintage 1981, is a very tall (6' 7") pharmacist, age 30. His name is David Squires, and he spectates before a 19-inch Panasonic Quinrix II television set in the front room of his brown bungalow at 229 Glacier Drive, Lolo, Mont. *Lolo?* Yes, Lolo (pop. 4,000), a drab hamlet 10 miles outside Missoula in the farthest western reaches of the state. Here the land is raw and beautiful, most of it nearly as virginal today as it was 176 years ago when Lewis and Clark trekked through. Lolo is not virginal, however.

It's full of small tract houses and trailer parks. Lolo's biggest business is Don Tripp's Truck Stop. This section of Montana is sparsely settled for miles in all directions beyond the Missoula-Lolo population knot, and there is heavy truck traffic east-west on Interstate 90 and north-south on 93. "Truck stops are a very important part of the local economy," says Squires. "That and timber. But the timber business has gone to hell."

On a brief tour of Lolo (there is no other kind) Squires points out the sights: the truck stop, the barbershop, the dry

cleaners, the bingo parlor and Hardware Hank's. He gestures toward a couple of taverns and says, "Montana has about the highest alcoholism rate in the country. Even when the economy is in good shape, there's nothing much to do in winter except drink. Or watch TV."

Squires does a little of one and a lot of the other. He insists he isn't addicted to television any more than he is to alcohol, which is not at all. He says, "If there's a choice of going fishing or watching TV, I'll fish." Then he adds with a wry shrug, "Of course, I'll always do a quick channel check to see what's on so I don't miss something big."

Something big? In *Lolo*? You bet. Obviously, 229 Glacier Drive is situated in a section of the U.S. that is about as far off, barefoot and bush league as one can imagine. The nearest city with any kind of a big league look to it is Seattle, and it's 400 miles away. But that doesn't matter, for every day—no, every hour—Squires is served a veritable glutton's feast of major league sports. Thanks to the cable connection for which he pays M&M Cable Co. of Lolo \$11 a month, his TV set might pick up as many as four different major league baseball games. Or he might switch back and forth from big-time tennis in Monte Carlo to big-time soccer in Frankfurt to big-time arm wrestling in Petaluma.

Squires receives the three commercial networks out of Spokane; the 24-hour, never-ending stream of sports from the Entertainment and Sports Programming Network (ESPN) in far-off Bristol, Conn.; and the three superstations: WTBS in Atlanta, which carries nearly all the Braves and Hawks games; WGN in Chicago, which does the White Sox and the Cubs; and WOR in New York City, which sends him the Mets.

Squires' face reflects something between ecstasy and euphoria when he speaks of the cornucopia of TV sports. "I grew up in San Diego and I am a Padres fan," he says, "but I've gotten to know the Atlanta Braves very well, thanks to WTBS. I had never seen lacrosse before, but I saw a Maryland-Navy game on ESPN, and now I keep hoping for more lacrosse. I see all kinds of things I never saw before. Everybody does. I watched the NFL draft for four hours this spring. I watched 33 NCAA tournament basketball games. My mother-in-law watches car races. Would you be-

lieve that? Hell, I know a guy in Lolo who gets up in the middle of the night to watch polo on ESPN!"

Polo in Lolo? Let's stop right there for a moment. The cultural extremes represented in that short rolling phrase are almost enough to overwhelm the imagination. And yet those five absurd, yet absurdly lovely syllables beautifully reflect what is happening in the vast world of television sport in the U.S. Polo in Lolo echoes an onrushing fragmentation of televised sport and of sporting tastes. Polo in Lolo signals an assault on what for three decades has been a commercial network monopoly of the choicest sports events. If big-time TV couldn't find the time of day for the NHL and could only sneak the NBA playoffs in through the back door at 11:30 p.m. as a kind of delayed-tape leper-orphan, the audience to be found in 10,000 Lolos clearly could bring about change—grand and volatile change.

In short, Polo in Lolo symbolizes the new clout of cable TV, of satellite broadcasts and of all sorts of dazzling systems of transmission and communication that



soon will fill American living rooms with more hours of more sports than even the most channel-dazzled, game-crazed, ESPN-stoned junkie could have imagined. It also could forecast the end of most "free" television sport and the onset of a time when Americans will be charged admission to their own living

rooms—perhaps as much as \$25 for the Super Bowl, \$100 for the World Series, \$250 for an entire Olympics. The fact that a man in Lolo, Mont. can regularly indulge himself in what can only be described as the unnatural act of watching polo on his television set spells r-e-v-o-l-u-t-i-o-n for TV sport in America.

Twelve years ago this magazine published a series of articles detailing the impact of TV on sport—and vice versa—since the early 1940s, when television was but an experimental glimmer in fewer than 2,000 U.S. homes. We declared that America had entered an era in which all major sport had come under the operative control and philosophical influence of the commercial networks.

That control and that influence still exist and have never been stronger. In 1969 the NCAA championship basketball game attracted 8.2 million viewers. This year 16.5 million watched the game.

The TV audience was 60 million for the 1970 Super Bowl. This year's game drew 100 million viewers. In 1969 the NFL TV package with the three networks was worth \$40 million annually, which was split equally among the 26 teams. This summer, Commissioner Pete Rozelle will

negotiate a \$1 billion contract over four years that will guarantee each of 28 clubs something like \$8 million a season. In 1969 the TV rights to the Rose Bowl cost NBC \$1.5 million. This year NBC held on to the Granddaddy of Them All in the face of a determined CBS *continued*



Outside its offices in Bristol, Conn., ESPN uses three earth stations to send and receive satellite signals. Inside, staffers monitor programming.



Stammons, a former president of NBC Sports, now head of ESPN, says unless he obtains rights to more major events, "We might as well pack up and forget it."

THE TV REVOLUTION

continued

assault, but only by paying \$7.2 million for the 1982 game. Last week ABC and CBS each signed a four-year, \$132 million contract with the NCAA to televise its football games. The agreement represents an increase of more than 110% over the current one-year deal of \$31 million paid by ABC. And so on.

So comfortable and so dependable is the largess forked over by advertisers that many network and sports establishment types assumed things would never change. Of course, they were wrong. Don Ohlmeyer, executive producer of NBC Sports, speaks with disarming candor about the attitude of a number of his peers. "Cable television and pay television are here," he says. "They are real. But the reaction of the network people has been the same as radio people had toward television in its embryonic days. They just hoped it would go away."

Well, as we know, radio people of the '30s and '40s were desperately wrong about the new medium. Though the rev-

olution we are about to witness will likely not be as upsetting as commercial TV was to radio, there's no doubt that cable and pay TV will drastically alter television viewing as we know it today. Not everyone agrees on precisely what form this upheaval will take, but everyone agrees it's coming:

- Ohlmeyer: "The structure of sports on TV will change so radically it will hardly be recognizable. The networks have been enormously successful as monopolies, but that's all over. In the future the networks will have only a few of the really big events like the Super Bowl or the World Series. But these events will be economically useless. They will be carried as loss leaders to keep the public happy. They will only be on so-called 'free' TV for political reasons."

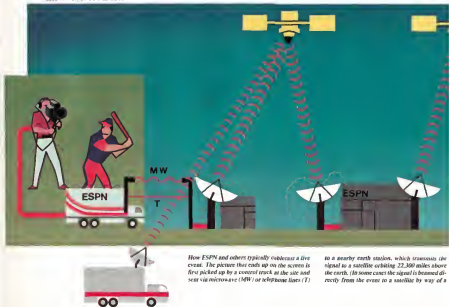
- Gustave Hauser, co-chairman of Warner Cable: "There is more demand to see more events in the home now, and that has created an entirely new marketplace. Ultimately, it will disturb all the

existing patterns involved in broadcasting sport. Whereas sports have been concentrated in the stadium, they will now become concentrated in the home."

- Ted Turner, owner of the Cable News Network, the baseball Braves, the NBA Hawks, the NASL Chiefs and WTBS, the so-called superstation that has a potential reach of 16.7 million: "Nothing in TV sport will be the same once cable and pay TV begin to bid seriously for rights. By 1983 27.7 million viewers will have access to WTBS. I'm going to bid for the 1988 Olympics. I'm going to bid for the new NFL contract. I might not get it this time, but I'll be back. My kind of operation is going to be around longer than the networks if they don't change their habits. By the time you realize what's happening, the only events to be continued on over-the-air TV will be the World Series and the Super Bowl."

- Harry Glickman, executive vice-president and general manager of the Portland Trail Blazers: "Over a 20-year haul,

ILLUSTRATION BY DONALD MOSS



How ESPN and others typically broadcast a live event. The picture that ends up on the screen is first picked up by a control truck at the site and sent via microwave (MW) or telephone lines (T)

to a nearby earth station, which transmits the signal to a satellite orbiting 22,300 miles above the earth. (In some cases the signal is beamed directly from the event to a satellite by way of a

practically every sport will move from the networks to cable or pay TV. There will be a decline in attendance but an increase in revenues. If the law allows it, I think franchises will move in bunches to bigger population centers to take advantage of larger potential TV audiences."

- Mike Lynn, general manager and vice-president of the Minnesota Vikings: "Cable TV will take a long time before the NFL can use it. But I think NFL revenues from cable and pay TV eventually will be frightening. Suppose you get \$5 a week from, say, 50 million homes with pay TV? It's not all to the good. Pro football will be like the movie industry, and players, like movie stars, will become so powerful that they will demand—and get—whatever they want."

- Ballard Smith, president of the San Diego Padres: "One good thing I see is that sport will return to the days when it dictated how games are played. Today we alter schedules for national TV. We adjust time-outs in basketball and starting



Mahanoy City's Watson went to the mountain to get Philly.

times and time-outs in football—all for network television. Pay TV would allow our games to be played by the ground rules we prefer."

- Bill Fisher, vice-president of Advancers, a division of Gardiner Inc., the St. Louis advertising agency that produces the TV and radio shows for the baseball Cardinals: "I have no doubt pay TV

will take over nearly all major sports programming. And why not? If the Cards got a chance to make a million bucks for just one game on pay TV, they'd be crazy not to do it. But, I do disagree with those who believe pay TV is going to make this big takeover within a few years. I think we'll be into the early 1990s before it takes full effect."

Why is all this talk of change and turbulence suddenly in the air? To put it

simply, what has happened is that a whole new array of so-called "delivery systems" is available to bring a whole new variety of television programs into the American home. Since the beginning, the principal method of transmitting TV programs has been the over-the-air broadcast. This is just about what it sounds like—the throwing of signals through the air from a sending source (a network or local station) via a transmitter to a receiving source (the viewer's home antenna).

Much of the technology for the new delivery systems has been around for some time. What is happening now is merely an explosive conjunction of elements that will make it all work. The proliferation of cable systems across the country, though still spotty, is part of it. So is the perfecting of means to charge—and collect—fees from TV homes. So is the growing capacity to create ad hoc "networks" for individual super sports events via satellite systems or cable systems or God knows what combination of systems. So is the growing dissatisfaction among advertisers with the messy demographic sprawl commercial-network audiences represent.

What it all means, says John A. Ledingham, assistant professor of journalism and media at San Diego State, is, "We're going into a completely new world of television. The processing is just now catching up with the dream and the technology. The systems to come could be beyond anything you can imagine."

The revolution has its roots in an Appalachian town in Pennsylvania called Mahanoy City. There, in 1948, an electrical-appliance store owner named John Watson was having trouble



mobile earth station. From the satellite the signal travels to network headquarters, where, if necessary, adjustments in the picture and sound are made. Next, the signal is sent to a second sat-

ellite, from which the nation's local cable operators pick it up. They in turn feed the transmission to their subscribers by means of coaxial cable. The entire process takes but half a second.

THE TV REVOLUTION

continued

selling his television sets. The reception of stations broadcasting from Philadelphia, 86 miles away, was awful because of the mountains that loomed over the town. Watson got the idea of putting up a large antenna on a nearby mountain. He then ran a wire from it to his store, hooking up houses along the way. The antenna snagged the weak signals from Philadelphia, brought them down to an amplifier and ushered them into the feeds to his customers' houses. Watson charged a \$100 installation fee and \$2 a month for the service. His customers got bright,

clear signals from all three channels in Philadelphia, and Watson's TV sets at last began to move.

The system in Mahanoy came to be known by a most prosaic, though perfectly accurate, name: Community Antenna Television (CATV). It spread slowly through the U.S. in the 1950s, mainly in rural and deep-valley areas. By 1962 there were 800 such systems in the country, reaching a total of 850,000 homes. CATV was very small electronic potatoes, indeed, but it attracted attention. Advances in technology gave cable systems the capacity to pick up ever more distant TV signals, and soon these systems could offer as many as 12 channels of programming.

This all produced a brief boom in the business, and starry-eyed visionaries predicted that by 1970 a good half of American television homes—30 million—would be served by cable. There was talk of "the wired nation," of a Tomorrowland of cable TV services. Hookups with computerized libraries would allow a viewer to order any book ever printed for transmission into his home. One would be able to take courses from foreign universities and play interstate TV games of Monopoly or chess or Chinese checkers. Subscribers would dial-a-movie—any movie—any time of day or night, hold business conferences with participants scattered across the country, pay bills, shop and go banking—all without leaving the front parlor.

A number of these futuristic predictions are the same ones we hear about cable today—and most of them have yet to be realized. There are two reasons. First, many cable operators were hoist by their own business ineptitude. They were plagued by lack of imagination in programming, marketing ignorance and an inability to make their product attractive to enough customers. Despite the big-time future that everyone saw for cable TV, it was still being run largely by small-town, small-time businessmen. Second, in the late 1960s the cable business suddenly found itself under attack by the Federal Communications Commission, which had been egged on by the commercial networks and their local affiliates. The weapon used against cable at this point was a constricting set of FCC regulations that went into effect in 1968.

Among other things, the rules required cable systems to include among their

channel offerings all local over-the-air stations, prohibited cable systems from duplicating programs on the same day they were carried by local over-the-air stations and forbade them to bring any signals from more than 75 miles away into any major TV market without first getting the FCC's permission. By 1971 there were a bare five million cable subscribers—one-sixth the number anticipated by the optimists 10 years earlier.

In sports, the networks' clout extended to every event they wished to control—with the single exception of certain especially attractive championship fights, for which they were outbid by theater TV. Cable wasn't a significant factor in any major sport. As recently as 1978, if you had amalgamated every cable company in existence into a single corporation, the firm would have ranked no better than 257th on the *Fortune* 500. In contrast, RCA, NBC's parent company, was 30th, CBS 91st and ABC 152nd. That year 13 million U.S. homes were wired for cable, about 18% of the TV homes in the country.

But a dizzying turnabout occurred at the FCC in the mid-1970s. For a number of reasons (including crushing legal setbacks to some of its toughest cable-restrictive regulations) the commission suddenly got an entirely different kind of religion. From its traditionally devout defense of the status quo—meaning protection of the commercial networks and local over-the-air stations—the FCC began dropping regulations left and right, eventually opening the field of broadcasting to unfettered competition from every conceivable source.

Willard Nichols, former chief of the cable bureau at the FCC and now administrative assistant to the chairman of the commission, says, "It took us 4½ years of economic study and econometric modeling to conclude that the premise that local broadcasters would be hurt by cable was wrong. Sure, they're going to lose viewers. But what we were never able to work into the equation was the fact that every year they were increasing their profits in the face of increased cable competition. So in July of last year we got rid of all the limitations designed to protect local stations."

The broadcast establishment complained, but it wasn't the only group involved in the battle to curtail cable growth. "Commissioners of baseball, the

continued



Turner: The networks must change to survive.
Koplovitz: Some viewers will desert TV fare.



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THE TV REVOLUTION

continued

NFL—all of them—have been fighting our deregulatory efforts," says Nichols. "They have argued that the impact is on the live gate. But we've found that people won't stay home just because a game is on the tube. They stay home if it's 12 below zero or if a poor team is in town."

Whatever the objections and obstacles of the past, cable TV is now pretty much free to grow as it pleases. How big will it get? The most optimistic observer is Robert Ross, who, as senior vice-president of the National Cable Television Association, an industry watchdog and clearinghouse, is paid to be optimistic about such things. "Right now cable is in about 25% of the 80 million TV homes," says Ross. "And we're adding subscribers at the rate of 750,000 a month. That's a fairly significant growth rate."

Last November, J. Walter Thompson, the nation's second-largest advertising agency, projected that "by late 1985, 36% of the nation's households would be wired, and by the end of the decade we should have half the country hooked up. In 1979, half the homes in the country could receive nine or more channels. By 1989, half the country may well have more than 50 channels to pick and choose from!"

Nichols is less sanguine. "Our best estimates are that only about 40% of urban viewers will ever have cable," he says. "In round numbers, that means a little more than 48% of the entire country will have cable at any time in the next 10 or 12 years. But it's hard to project. Who would have guessed the boom in cable resulting from satellite delivery of pay services? And that, I say, is the real key to the recent explosion."

Yes, the satellites—the key to the immediate past and to the far future, the key to ESPN, the superstations and, of course, to polo in Lolo.

Satellite TV communication dates back no farther than the mid-1960s, when the Communications Satellite Corporation (COMSAT) sent into orbit the famed Early Bird. It carried the first live transoceanic telecast in 1965. In the intervening years, 11 U.S. communications satellites of various kinds (of which 10 are still functioning) have been sent up to

shower signals down to earth. But the one that ultimately revolutionized the industry was RCA SATCOM I, which was launched in 1975. Having leased two transponders on SATCOM I, Home Box Office, a division of Time Inc., the publisher of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, began that year to bounce its programming off the satellite. HBO was the pioneer, and it gave U.S. cable operators, for the first time, high-quality programming that was different from network shows



Hint: The home, not stadiums, will be the major sports arena

HBO is one of several pay-cable services for which subscribers are charged a monthly fee in addition to their basic cable package. It's hard to overestimate the impact HBO had on the American television industry. Alex Best, an engineer at Scientific Atlanta, which supplies just about everything for cable systems, from earth stations to set-top terminals, says, "Five years ago, just before HBO and satellite transmission became feasible and affordable, cable took a downturn. We had wired the rural areas almost to saturation and were moving more into the cities. But no one is going to pay \$10 a month to get the same television you can get with a pair of rabbit ears. Satellite transmission of recently released movies, sports and other HBO-type programming changed all that. It opened up the cable market."

The advantages of satellite communication are many. Weather and sunspot

rarely affect it, and transmitting television signals via satellites is cheaper than transmitting by undersea cable, microwave, coaxial cable or overland wires. They are called "geostationary satellites" because they remain in "stationary" rotation precisely 22,300 miles above the earth.

To pick up the signal from a satellite, a cable operator needs a dish-shaped antenna called an earth station. At first, the FCC insisted that all antennas be at least

10 meters in diameter. Early earth stations cost more than \$100,000, which was yet another obstacle to the growth of cable systems. The newly enlightened FCC dropped the 10-meter antenna rule, too, and business boomed. In 1977 there were only 300 earth stations in the U.S. Within 12 months there were 600. Today there are about 1,500, and the cost has dropped to \$10,000.

And here, in this proliferating multitude of satellite ground receivers, may lie the true future of TV sports—the ad hoc network. "All a promoter has to do is get his production together, and then put up a signal to a satellite that reaches any given number of earth stations, and he has an instant network," says Gus Hauser of Warner Cable. "You could create a network for any one-of-a-kind event—the Masters, the NCAA basketball final, the Super Bowl. You could make an ad hoc network to broadcast anything. Instead of three big networks, we can have 40 or 50 satellite networks. They can serve every freaky appetite in the country."

Exactly? Of course, satellite and/or cable systems that establish networks beyond the Big Three have already been created. There is the Christian Broadcast Network, which has access to more than nine million households. There is the USA Network, owned by UA-Columbia Cablevision and Madison Square Garden. USA beams its programming coast to coast to some eight million potential viewers by means of 1,400 systems. It includes everything from Black Entertainment Television to a children's show called *Cadlope* to professional sports. Sport makes up 70% of USA's program-

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THE TV REVOLUTION

continued

ming, most of it, unlike ESPN's, of big league caliber.

And yes, what about ESPN, certainly one of the strangest creations in the history of mass communications? In the fall of 1979, when ESPN, owned by Getty Oil, began sending out its signal from Transponder No. 7 on SATCOM 1, the network's executive vice-president, Scott Rasmussen, said lightly, "This is service for sports junkies." Today there are those—wives mostly—who think he was absolutely right: full-contact karate at 12:30 a.m., weightlifting at 5:30 a.m., Australian rules football at 8 a.m., "superstar volleyball" at 11 a.m., rodeo at 2 p.m. Nonstop sports around the clock, 24 hours a day, 8,760 hours a year. And who is out there to see all of it? Who cares?

ESPN gets letters from those who care. A man from Kearny, N.J. wrote: "I work nights 4 p.m. to 12:30 a.m. and have been viewing your station for almost a year." From Lincoln, Neb.: "With a baby boy we aren't able to attend as many sporting events as before, but with ESPN we

can enjoy our boy and our sports together." From Burns, Ore.: "I am an old woman living alone, and I love baseball, football, boxing and rodeo. I watch a lot of Canadian football games. Thank you." And from a certain spectator in Lolo, Mont.: "Keep up the fine work. I know I can always watch a good game after work. Hooray for the SATCOM 1."

Almost 11 million households can pick up ESPN without extra charge via some 2,200 cable systems. The network itself figures it will have a potential reach of 12 million by the end of this year and a truly amazing 30 to 35 million by 1985. ESPN relies on advertising for its basic revenue, but commercial time goes for a relative pittance. Whereas the Big Three networks charge up to \$110,000 for a 30-second spot, the most ESPN gets for a 30-second ad is \$1,200. ESPN also charges its cable systems 4¢ a month for each subscriber, which isn't much—and may not be enough. It has lost an enormous amount of money in the 23 months it has been in business, perhaps as much as \$75 million.

ESPN's biggest ad-revenue-producing deal to date was much ballyhooed last fall, when Anheuser-Busch came on board with a \$25 million, five-year contract. Anheuser was—and still is—the network's only beer advertiser. A major problem advertisers have with ESPN is that it has no precise rating system to define its audience. Chet Simmons, the former president of NBC Sports who is now top man at ESPN, says, "We need some kind of a measurement technique. Advertisers are sold by demographics. We should have the problem solved by early next year. For now, about the best we can say is that we deliver almost exclusively a male audience. Beer drinkers? That we can guarantee. Women? Nope. We're trying to get into more women-oriented shows."

Women? Nope is right. The wife of Dave Squires is a tiny (5'3"), pretty woman, also age 30. Sandy Squires is a vocational rehabilitation counselor and a sports fan—up to a point. "Yes, I like sports," she says, "but... well, you know, there's so much of it, and,



To go satellite-hopping, Potts merely has to re-align his fourth-floor assembly. The antenna does the rest.

In densely populated urban centers a cable company may need only 1,000 feet of coaxial cable to reach 300 potential subscribers. But in rural areas like Allentown, N.J. (pop. 196,214), a company may have to run a line several miles to service 10 subscribers. Jim Potts lives eight miles outside of Allentown, so the chances that a cable operator would rush to wire his place were slim. What Potts did was invest \$3,995 in Downlink, a satellite TV system Potts, a self-employed contractor and TV addict, spent two days assembling the Downlink components, and now he receives a lot more than any single cable company could provide.

The most conspicuous element of Downlink is a 12' by 12' antenna that looks like an oversized screen door. It sits in Potts' backyard about 10 yards from the windmill he built three years ago. What Downlink can do is pick up anything and everything off the 11 satellites (six domestic, one international, three Canadian and one Soviet) that send TV signals to North America. That means Potts has a choice of some 1,000 different programs every day. Moreover, much of what appears on screen is uncensored and unedited. "During the hostage crisis, the tapes the networks were showing on the seven o'clock news I had at 4:30," says Potts. "And I saw all that they received, not just

HEAVEN IN HIS OWN BACKYARD

well, we have another TV set in the bedroom, and I like to go to bed early anyway and..." Dave Squires says without equivocation, "My limiting factor in how much I watch sports is my wife."

Simmons might like to bring Sandy Squires into the fold, but he refuses to do it by diluting the network's total commitment to sports. "That is our trademark and, in that sense, we have no competition," says Simmons. "The commercial networks and USA Network do horizontal programming. We do vertical programming, no movies, no news documentaries. This gives us the flexibility to do so many more things than any other network. It's important to us that the public recognizes us as the place where you can always find sports."

But what sports? Is ESPN really the network of the future? Can a sports network flourish indefinitely on a full-time menu of offbeat and minor league events? Simmons is concerned. "We're in a credibility situation," he says. "We have to prove sometime soon that we have the money and the outlets to do major league

stuff. If we do nothing but county softball championships, then we might as well pack up and forget it."

Simmons says ESPN was approached this season by the Yankees, Cardinals and Angels to take on a 57-game schedule, but "the deal dried up." He has been dickering with the NCAA for some kind of a major-college football package besides the 50 to 60 delayed games ESPN now televises. "We could do football games in prime time on Saturday nights, which is something the networks would never think of doing," says Simmons. "This wouldn't conflict with ABC's Saturday afternoon package. We could do events at the Olympics that ABC doesn't want. We could do reruns of NFL games all week long. We could take an hour to dissect each play if we wanted to. There are so many things we can do with all the hours we have."

Maybe the world at large wasn't aware of all the hours ESPN devoted to the 1981 NCAA basketball competition, but a certain citizen of good old Lolo certainly was, and it is with shy pride that

Squire tells of what happened. "My friend Marty lives in Reno," he says, "and he called in February to suggest that we go to Salt Lake City to see the Western Regionals. I said, 'They only have three games there. Come on to Lolo; we've got 36 of them here!' We both took vacations, and we sent the wives off on vacations of their own."

"Marty arrived on March 12, a Thursday, and we watched every game on Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday. They'd start about 5 p.m., and then there'd be reruns starting at 1 a.m. There were four games a night at first. We were in a daze, a real happy daze. We'd only go out to the liquor store to get Crown Royal Whiskey and 7 UP. One time we went out for a drive. I was going to show Marty where Lewis and Clark came through. We got about halfway, and he said, 'Let's go back. We might be throwing a game,' and we did. Marty was really impressed with TV in Lolo. He told me, 'If we had this in Reno, my wife would've divorced me years ago.'"

Can ESPN last? All-sports, continued

the couple of minutes they put on the air." If, say, there's an NFL game that's being beamed via satellite but is blocked out in his area, Potts can get it. He gets French blue movies ("They show everything"), four channels of Christian broadcasting and live coverage of Congress, as well as the standard fare that Home Box Office, Showtime and Nickelodeon, etc. bounce off a satellite—all for free. What's more, Potts receives no monthly cable bills.

"I've talked to Warner Amex in New York, and I've said to them, 'Look, I've got an earth station, I'm receiving your signal, and I'd like to know what I owe you.' They told me, 'As far as we're concerned, you don't exist.'" Some owners of home satellite receivers have even sent HBO checks for \$4, which is roughly what it charges a cable operator per subscriber each month. The checks haven't been cashed.

That's not to say, however, that cable programmers like Warner and HBO aren't concerned about the nation's 30,000 backyard earth stations. On the contrary, these companies maintain that receiving their signals without authorization is a violation of both the copyright laws and the Communications Act of 1934. Although no programmer has used a home operator, HBO has brought lawsuits against bootleggers of equipment designed to intercept its micro-

wave transmissions and has won each time. "The thought that because our satellite signals are sent through the air anybody should be able to intercept them is outrageous," says Peter Gross, general counsel for the video division of Time Inc., which includes HBO. "It's like saying that cars left parked on a street can be taken by anybody who wants to use them. We are actively developing a method of scrambling our signal to prevent piracy."

Neither the owners nor the manufacturers of home earth stations seem terribly worried. Last year home earth stations were a \$100 million business. Microdyne Corporation, one of many companies besides Downlink manufacturing backyard satellite receivers, estimates it has sold more than 150 units for home use in the last six months. Heath Company, a major supplier of electronic equipment, came out with a do-it-yourself earth station kit last month that costs between \$7,000 and \$8,000.

At least one segment of the home earth-station industry is on firm ground. Last April the FCC accepted the application of the Communications Satellite Corporation (COMSAT) to proceed with the development of its Direct Broadcast Satellite system (DBS). Unlike existing backyard systems, COMSAT's DBS will have its own programming and will bill its customers monthly. Also,

its DBS dish is designed for rooftop installation; it's much smaller (2½ feet in diameter) than current backyard earth stations. It will cost far less, too, between \$200 and \$500.

The chief limitation of DBS, which COMSAT expects to have in operation by early 1985, is that it will have only three channels. So who will want to shell out \$500 and another \$14 to \$18 each month for just three channels? COMSAT is betting that the tens of millions of Americans who still won't have access to cable in 1985 will.

Since COMSAT's proposal was accepted, other companies have been lining up at the FCC's door with other DBS requests. CBS, for example, has proposed a three-channel "high-definition" system in which pictures would be about twice as sharp as those now on TV. The FCC will not decide which services to approve until 1983.

Whatever happens, it's likely that the major developments in home video will continue to focus around cable. Already, cable companies are offering home security devices, college courses and even two-way systems that allow subscribers to shop and pay their bills from their living rooms. But for those who live in remote areas and may never have a coaxial cable pass by their house, systems like Downlink—if their legality is resolved—and DBS provide an attractive alternative.

—WILLIAM AHELS

Dodge Mirada CMX



Dodge Mirada CMX.

Chrysler engineered it to such high standards of performance, it was judged superior overall to the legendary Thunderbird—by 34 out of 50 T-Bird owners.

Great automobiles are not made of legends but of engineering.

Mirada is the proud achievement of Chrysler engineers starting with concepts geared to today's world. New designs. New technology. And a determination to give people a personal car that spares nothing to return genuine pleasure to driving. Yet still delivers responsible fuel economy.

How well they succeeded shows in Mirada's rating of **28** EPA est. mpg,* unsurpassed by a comparable Thunderbird; and 24 est. hwy. And in the results of an independently run test.

Mirada preferred to T-Bird by more than 2 to 1.

Fifty Thunderbird owners** judged a Mirada CMX against a comparably equipped T-Bird. They judged them for such qualities as riding comfort, driving ease, power, convenience, styling and value. Result: these Thunderbird owners preferred the Mirada overall by the overwhelming margin of 34 to 16.

Engineered to reward you with a superior ride and better control.

It's no surprise that T-Bird owners made Mirada their clear choice for riding comfort. The suspension system is unique.

Transverse mounted torsion bar front springs—located ahead of the front wheels and rubber mounted—isolate the shock of bumps and pot holes from the car. You'll appreciate how little fatigue and tension you feel after a long day's drive.

Concern with human physiology is as much a part of Chrysler engineering as is the geometry of a car's suspension. Mirada's driver oriented interior provides bucket seats contoured to hold you comfortably for hour after hour behind the wheel.

Mirada's overall driving ease and cornering ability, as well, were rated over Thunderbird's. Power assisted recirculating ball steering gives you sensitive control. You never lose the intimate "feel" of the road that epitomizes the well-mannered road car.

Engine technology that delivers more torque—with economy.

A majority of

Thunderbird owners chose Mirada for pickup and passing power. Much of the credit must go to Chrysler's standard Slant-Six engine, a proven design with countless refinements in its lifetime.

Some of the latest: Hydraulic valve lifters that need no periodic adjustment. A cool air induction system that improves hot weather performance. And a landmark Chrysler innovation, Electronic Ignition, in which there are no points to wear or need replacing. And the consistently high voltage that results improves performance and reduces spark plug failures.

Chrysler engineers designed Mirada to take you with undiminished power and unimpaired fuel

efficiency for 30,000 miles between tuneups.

Jury's choice: an instrument panel engineered for the driver.

T-Bird owners were outspoken in their preference for the efficiency and appearance of Mirada's interior. Gauges, lights, switches set in brushed aluminum applique: trip odometer, brake system warning light, speedometer.

Mirada's lowest price model—\$8,083†—comes with equipment most Americans want.

Mirada's base sticker price includes as standard: Auto, trans. Power steering. Power brakes. Tinted glass. AM radio, WSW glass belted radials.

The Mirada CMX shown, priced at \$9,277,† also includes: Color-keyed cabriolet vinyl roof. 15" steel belted radials. Forged aluminum road wheels. Cornering lights.

Other options:†† Air cond., \$625. Power bucket seat, \$187. Choice of 6 sound systems, and a full complement of power assists.

Mirada, the personal car engineered without compromise.

Why Dodge is the fastest growing American car line.

Mirada is one more reason why sales of new Dodge cars are up for the past nine months compared to a year ago; while Ford and GM are down. All of which makes Dodge the fastest growing American car line.



The New Chrysler Corporation

*Use EPA est. mpg. for comparison. Your mileage may vary depending on speed, trip length and weather. Actual hwy. mileage and CA estimates probably lower. Comparison with Thunderbird based on both cars with standard 6-cylinder engines. **Randomly recruited in Los Angeles area.

†Sticker price excluding taxes and destination charges. †† These options may require the purchase of additional optional equipment. Buy or lease at your Dodge dealer.

THE TV REVOLUTION

continued

all the time, seems like a concept with a future. Yet it appears likely that ESPN will remain an upstart unless it can obtain the rights to more major events. And as long as it relies so heavily on advertiser support, that seems impossible. Some form of pay TV—charging the viewer as well as the cable system for programming—seems essential to produce the megabucks ESPN needs to buy into big-time sports, because prices for the rights to major events are about to soar out of sight.

Whatever else may be changing in the

sports for the networks. In fact, it hasn't for some time, particularly in prime time. Says Van Gordon Sauter, president of CBS Sports, "Sports programming on prime time has decreased in recent years because the ratings haven't been high enough. The networks and advertisers view sport as an economic entity. Prices in prime time are staggering, and most sports simply don't produce enough return on the advertiser's dollar from a prime-time audience to make his commercials pay off. Only the NFL, the World Series, the Olympics and a few other special events consistently generate audiences large enough to satisfy advertisers who prefer prime time."

Ergo, prime-time sport leaves the commercial networks and joins some other delivery system that operates on a smaller audience base. "When a sport doesn't produce enough mass appeal for the networks, then cable and pay cable can become a viable competitor for the rights," says Jim Spence, senior vice-president of ABC Sports. "But no one really knows how things might lay out down the road. Pay cable? Is that really where the

money is? I'm not sure that the U.S. public will be willing to pay regularly—every night—for routine events. Special events, yes. A few big boxing matches, yes. The NFL will probably someday get into pay cable on a partial basis. But I wonder if there's a lot of money out there for run-of-the-mill events."

It's a good question: Is there really enough money out there to support sport in the manner in which it has—or would like to—become accustomed? The answer varies from city to city and sport to sport. Yes, says the Prism pay cable network, which has been operating out of Philadelphia since 1976. The network transmits mostly movies, but it also airs heavy helpings of the Phillies (30 games), the 76ers (25), the Flyers (30) and local college teams. Some 230,000 subscribers pay \$10 a month for Prism. Does this generate enough money to make sports entrepreneurs happy? Absolutely. Bill Giles, vice-president of the Phillies, says, "In terms of overall revenue, the in-

crease in our pay TV money is greater than that of any other income we have. From our experience, I'm convinced that pay TV is going to be the savior of professional sports—the one and only financial savior."

Jim Barnak, sports director of Prism, projects his euphoria well beyond the immediate situation. "Cable has popped everyone's eyes," he says. "I think you're going to find in the future that a person will own not only a team and a stadium, but also a means to electronically transmit his team's games. I think you'll see everything go to pay-per-view. You watch something and they'll send you a bill for it. If Prism were to switch from \$10-a-month subscription to, say, \$2 a game, hey, we could take in \$460,000 a night. It's going to be there someday."

Is it? At the moment, there are precious few bench marks by which to measure the true potential of pay-per-view. However, there was a night last November when a most impressive test of pay-per-view occurred, and neon dollar signs have been flashing in the brains of sports entrepreneurs ever since.

It happened in Los Angeles, and the experimenter was ON TV. Ordinarily, ON TV charges its subscribers about \$20 a month for programming. That includes movies and a selection of local pro and college sports. ON TV is not a cable service. It is known as subscription TV (STV), and to control its viewership, ON TV sends a scrambled over-the-air signal that is picked up and unscrambled by a decoder (a small box in the home). The system has more than 515,000 subscribers.

The night of Nov. 25, 1980, ON TV offered its subscribers something extra, the second Leonard-Duran fight. But to receive it, viewers had to ante up \$15 above and beyond their monthly subscription rate. About a minute before the start of the fight, an ON TV computer scanned the subscriber list to determine which sets would receive the fight. Some 165,000 L.A. fans sprang for the \$15, which added up to a cool \$2.5 million.

The next major test of pay-per-view comes up Sept. 16, the night Leonard fights Thomas Hearns for the undisputed welterweight crown. Main Event Productions, headed by Dan Dava, a New Jersey attorney, is promoting the fight. Main Event has guaranteed the fighters a total of \$15 million. That's the highest purse

continued



Mashman Cable's control center gives viewers 28 channels.

structure of TV sport, one thing has remained the same from the beginning: Sports entrepreneurs have an abiding love of cold, hard cash in hand. And there could well be a lot available. Says Warner's Hauser, "The combinations of ways to make money on TV sport are damned near infinite. The marketplace is more open than ever, and sports organizations are just beginning to realize that there is lots more money out there for them than either the gate or the networks have been able to generate."

Whatever the method of payment or the technique for collection, this, too, is unchanging: Ultimately, the viewer will be stuck for the dough. This is nothing new. Although commercial network executives like to throw around the word "free" when they talk about advertiser-supported TV, the cost of such ads has always been fed back to consumers through markups on product prices.

Even so, advertising alone can no longer underwrite a full slate of major

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XEROX

THE TV REVOLUTION

continued

in the history of boxing. Where will such a tremendous sum come from?

Duva estimates the live gate will reach \$6 million and the closed-circuit broadcast in theaters will add another \$30 million. He also figures to reap \$15 million from an ad hoc network of pay-per-view audiences sitting in their homes. The creation of this one-fight network, which had never before been attempted on a national scale, hasn't been easy, because the technology of pay-per-view TV is in its infancy. Duva's network will be made up of at least 20 cable and STV systems in 15 cities. Those 20 represent 95% of the households that subscribe to systems with pay-per-view capability. That comes to no more than one million homes.

Even though pay-per-view is limited now, Duva thinks it will soon mushroom. "In a year we'll have four or five times as many households available," he says. "Five years from now we could probably do this entire promotion with the money we could take from pay-per-view in homes."

The Leonard-Hearns bout will cost the home viewer \$15, with the local TV systems usually paying Main Event a guarantee as well as a percentage of their take. In the future, says Duva, the more sets equipped with pay-per-view technology the lower the cost per viewer will be. "Say we have 10 million sets in five years," he says. "We could charge as little as \$8 each and still gross \$80 million!"

It takes no talent for addition to extrapolate from these figures a wildly optimistic view of the megabuck possibilities for pay-per-view on a national scale. Think of it. At \$15 a head, the Super Bowl draws \$1.5 billion. A seven-game World Series, \$2.1 billion. The Kentucky Derby, \$496 million. It's like trying to visualize infinity.

But in truth, it probably isn't limitless. "Pay-per-view is way overrated," says Herb Granath, vice-president of ABC's Video Enterprises. "Sure, the Duran-Leonard fight got \$15 per home, but that's about the only event I can think of that could draw that kind of money. People call it the wave of the future. I doubt it. I'm hard put to think of any event that would bring in millions of people willing to pay \$15 to see it."

Of course, Granath is a network man, and his vested interest lies in the hope

that pay TV can't produce that kind of bonanza. Yet dyed-in-the-wool network disciples aren't the only ones who believe that huge pay-per-view payoffs are a very illfounded proposition. Indeed, one who agrees basically with Granath is Andrew Wald, senior vice-president (programming) of—yes—ON TV. "We spent a lot of time looking at the concept of pay-per-view and found that very few events qualify for the rate of distribution the Leonard-Duran fight did," says Wald. "Some people think you could ask the consumer to pay for a weekly professional football game. I don't believe that. The networks are surely going to remain the major outlet of the NFL for quite a while. And if one football game were carved out per se for pay TV on a weeknight, it simply won't have any value, since viewers can see so many others."

Jerry Levin, group vice-president of TIME Inc.'s video division and the first programming chief of HBO, is also dubious. "You just aren't going to generate \$10 million every time you turn on the lights," says Levin. "Sport needs more marketing than that. You need a broad base of subscribers to support sport on a day-in, day-out, week-in, week-out basis. And it takes a lot of extra work to create the mood that makes a viewer react positively toward putting up \$10 or \$15 to watch something in his home."

CBS's Van Sauter says, "There's going to be a lot of pressure on the tolerance of the entertainment dollar. How much of a bite will home TV take? Can someone afford \$60, \$70, \$100 a month for entertainment and sports on TV? It's very hard to project."

Nevertheless, with revenue coming from sources other than network advertisers, we can look forward to a great fragmentation of power in the broadcasting industry as well as an even greater fragmentation of options for viewers. And that is plainly the best part of this whole revolution. At the moment Atlanta is perhaps the prime example of what much of the U.S. can expect in the next decade or so. The city is the first major metropolitan area with a 54-channel, 400-megahertz cable system, which means that cable subscribers there have about as rich—and confusing—a menu of TV fare as anywhere in the world. Among other things, they can receive all eight local over-the-air stations; channels devoted exclusively to religious program-

ming and the Atlanta public library; ESPN; the USA Network; two superstations (WGN and WOR); the Video Sports Network; HBO and Showtime; stock-market and weather reports; plus services providing home security, temperature control, public-access programs, coverage of local governmental bodies in sessions, etc., etc.

As Wayne Vowell, director of marketing for Cable Atlanta, says, "We don't know what everybody likes, but whatever it is, we're going to try to deliver it. If we sell half the city our service, our responsibility is not to learn why they bought it, but why the other half didn't, and then to give them whatever they want to make them buy."

Giving viewers a myriad of options is indeed the wave of the future. "Cable will become entirely the tool of the consumer by the end of the 1980s," says Kay Koplovitz, president of the USA Network. "Whatever he wants, he'll get. The networks will no longer control programming or the choice of programming. The viewers will be their own programmers because they'll be selecting what they really want to see."

True enough, and, more than ever before, sport will be centered in the American living room. But then, just what is going to happen at the events themselves? "It will be super nice if pay TV works out according to all the rosy predictions," says San Diego Clippers General Manager Ted Podleski. "But you have to ask: What exactly is a sport event? I think it's a happening. What if there weren't any people in the arena screaming and hollering? Sport is emotional. We have to have a contribution from real people, real fans, to keep the players motivated. Do you suppose we could be reaching a point where we'll have to hook up mikes in the house so the sounds from the living room can be broadcast back into the arena?"

Do you suppose?

Well, no one could have foreseen the revolutionary forces that have gone to work on TV sport—and its fans—in the last few years. Even something as wondrous as polo in Iolo has come to seem ordinary. Nevertheless, much is in doubt.

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A sailboat with a single mast and a white sail is positioned in the center of a calm lake. The background features a range of mountains under a warm, orange-hued sky, suggesting a sunset or sunrise. The water reflects the boat and the sky. The overall mood is peaceful and scenic.

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"Almost every city and town has an exquisitely landscaped, monumentally columned shrine to local war dead of World War II. The eternal flame is sometimes guarded by smartly uniformed teen-agers, frequently girls, carrying Kalashnikov assault rifles. Memory of the war easily translates into public willingness to make economic sacrifices for the sake of military preparedness?" *TIME*, June 23, 1980.

Read *TIME* and understand.

TIME

Edited by GAY FLOOD

TOM SEAVER

Sir,

I read the enticing caption on your cover of Tom Seaver (July 27) and before I had even finished the trek from mailbox to house, I was halfway through the baseball "fix." You're right. We needed it. And the fact that the article was on Seaver (*Behind the Fence*) was an added bonus for a Mets fan raised in Greenwich, Conn. Thanks for getting us through another week of strike madness.

DONA STEVENS
Point Pleasant, N.J.

Sir,

After reading Frank Deford's insightful article, I now know one of Tom Terrific's secrets: Like Pete Rose, he is madly in love with baseball. This, more than any other single factor, is what makes them such extraordinary players.

Tom Seaver is the publicity agent's dream,

an articulate, personable, handsome, small-town hero who conquers the big city by becoming an instant pitching wiz for the New York Mets. Through Deford, we have seen some of the many facets of Seaver, and all are a credit to baseball.

HAROLD O. CHRISTENSEN
San Francisco

Sir,

I initially followed Tom Seaver's career for reasons of shared roots: Fresno, Calif., upbringing, Little League baseball—I, too, wore a Rotary uniform—and high school athletics. Tom struck me out during Fresno High baseball tryouts. Although Seaver and I never knew each other, Frank Deford's incisive story brought home the reasons for my sustained interest in Seaver's career. It was an excellent portrait of a man of character, of a complex individual who, with independence and style, has succeeded by using his brains as

well as his brawn in the world of athletics, a world in which many of us must look very hard to find heroes today.

This intelligent look back at Seaver was a breath of fresh air—a poultice for baseball's black eye during these difficult times—but it also reminded me that we need heroes, that our kids need role models and that there are too few Tom Seavers in this world.

MICHAEL J. KELLEY, M.D.
Laguna Beach, Calif.

Sir,

In Frank Deford's fine article on Tom Seaver, I was impressed particularly by a thought expressed by Tom's wife, Nancy. Commenting on Tom's trade from New York in 1977, Deford quotes Nancy as saying, "Tom was hurt badly. I don't think, even now, he'd like to admit how much."

What about the effect the strike has had on the fans? In the end, the players and own-

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ers may find us trickling back into the ball park, but things will never be the same. We've been hurt badly, too, and even now we don't like to admit how much.

JEFFERY L. STEINACKER
Provo, Utah

ROGERS' VICTORY
Sir,

I'm furious! I had been waiting ever since Bill Rogers won the British Open to see him on your cover. Then Tom Seaver appeared. What in the world has Seaver done lately? Not a darn thing. Poor Bill Rogers. He plays great golf and wins a major championship and nobody seems to care. Rogers is a true champion and deserves far more credit than he got (*Nine Centuries Later, Bill the Conqueror*, July 27).

TODD WESTRICH
Algoma, Wis.

DENTAL WORK
Sir,

In your July 27 issue we read about David Jones, an Atlanta dentist, challenging wild water in the world championships for canoes and kayaks. Masters swimmer Lance Larson, a Southern California dentist, churning through the pool and into the record books;

and Dennis Ronald, a Florida dentist now busy training his daughter, Kathy, a future tennis champion. Even Tom Seaver, the subject of your bonus piece, once imagined that his future lay in dentistry. We of the dental profession had quite a week in St.

M.B. FINKELSTEIN, D.D.S.
Newington, Conn.

Sir,

I've never been a champion swimmer, but I figured that if I stayed in shape over the years, I might finally win something. Alas, it seems that the likes of Lance Larson and Murray Rose, my oldtime hero, aren't giving up the ghost. Thanks to Sol Stern for showing how we "old folks" can still enjoy a sport (*At 41, Lance Larson Swims Faster Than When He Was 18 and Setting U.S. Records!*). Incidentally, does Rose still train on seaweed?

JAMES C. BLIDE
Kailua, Hawaii

• Rose, who is actively engaged in the study of nutrition and occasionally gives lectures on the subject, says that his nutritional program consists of a well-balanced diet based on natural foods rather than processed foods, but he no longer follows a strictly vegetarian diet.—ED

Sir,

There's something sad about your article on Masters swimming. It reflects an American curse—the one that dictates that an individual cannot participate in sports for exercise or enjoyment alone. It appears that sport is meaningful only when one is competing against others, with winning paramount. Is winning, throughout a lifetime, that essential to American athletes?

PETER D. ARCHIE
Reading, Pa.

DOLPHIN DILEMMA
Sir,

John Underwood's article *His Eyes Have Seen the Glory* (July 27) showed that he did his homework regarding Don Shula and the "glory" years of the Miami Dolphins. I was privileged to be the representative agent, under Ed Keating, of Larry Conka, Manny Fernandez, Jim Kiick, Bill Stautill, Doug Swift and Paul Warfield—notice that I listed them alphabetically and not necessarily by their talents—during those wonderful winning years of the early '70s.

Although Shula, Joe Robbie and Joe Thomas have their ego problems, each in his own way has contributed greatly to the success

continued

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19TH HOLE continued

cess of the Dolphins. Therefore, I have a suggestion: Let them sit down together like grownup folks and bury the hatchet. Then all three can pursue their God-given talents. Shula should coach, Robb should administer and Thomas should be given control and carte blanche in recruiting the players. I believe that this arrangement would guarantee a world-championship team in three years.

DICK BALLAGH

Indian Harbour Beach, Fla.

Sir

In his highly interesting article on Don Shula, John Underwood suggests that Shula is the NFL's best coach. Baloney! The NFL's top active coach is Tom Landry of the Dallas Cowboys. The NFL's top coach ever is George Allen.

LARRY R. MURRINS

San Ramon, Calif.

ONE-BOY TEAM?

Sir

In the past, readers have complained about certain FACES in the CROWN. I think it's my turn. In the July 20 issue, you pictured an 8-year-old boy, Randy Braasing of Glen Cove, N.Y., for making an unassisted triple play. From the way I read it, this was done in an instructional league, and Randy, a pitcher, did it by running all over the infield, getting all the outs himself! The correct way called for Randy to throw the ball to his teammates. If that's the way the kids are instructed to play in Glen Cove, I feel sorry for them. I love baseball and I hate seeing the game played without regard for the fundamentals. I hope that all players are taught to play the game correctly, by playing as a team and not as individuals.

BRUCE UKTON

Canton, Ill.

HOLD THE MUSTARD

Sir

Every time I hear of another Ronald McDonald—or MacDonald, as in the case of the Men's Triple A farmhand (SCORECARD, July 27)—I shake my head in sympathy. Usually I hear or see his name bandied about with old jokes, such as, "He plays the game with relish." I figure the inventor of those jokes actually thought they were original.

Such banter used to bother me, until I asked two singers called "Dust and Ashes" which was Dust and which was Ashes. When neither of them cracked a smile, I realized that even a poor soul like me with a name everyone plays with can make the mistake of beating a dead horse once in a while.

Anyway, my brother's name is Donald.

RONALD P. McDONALD

Danbury, Conn.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.



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